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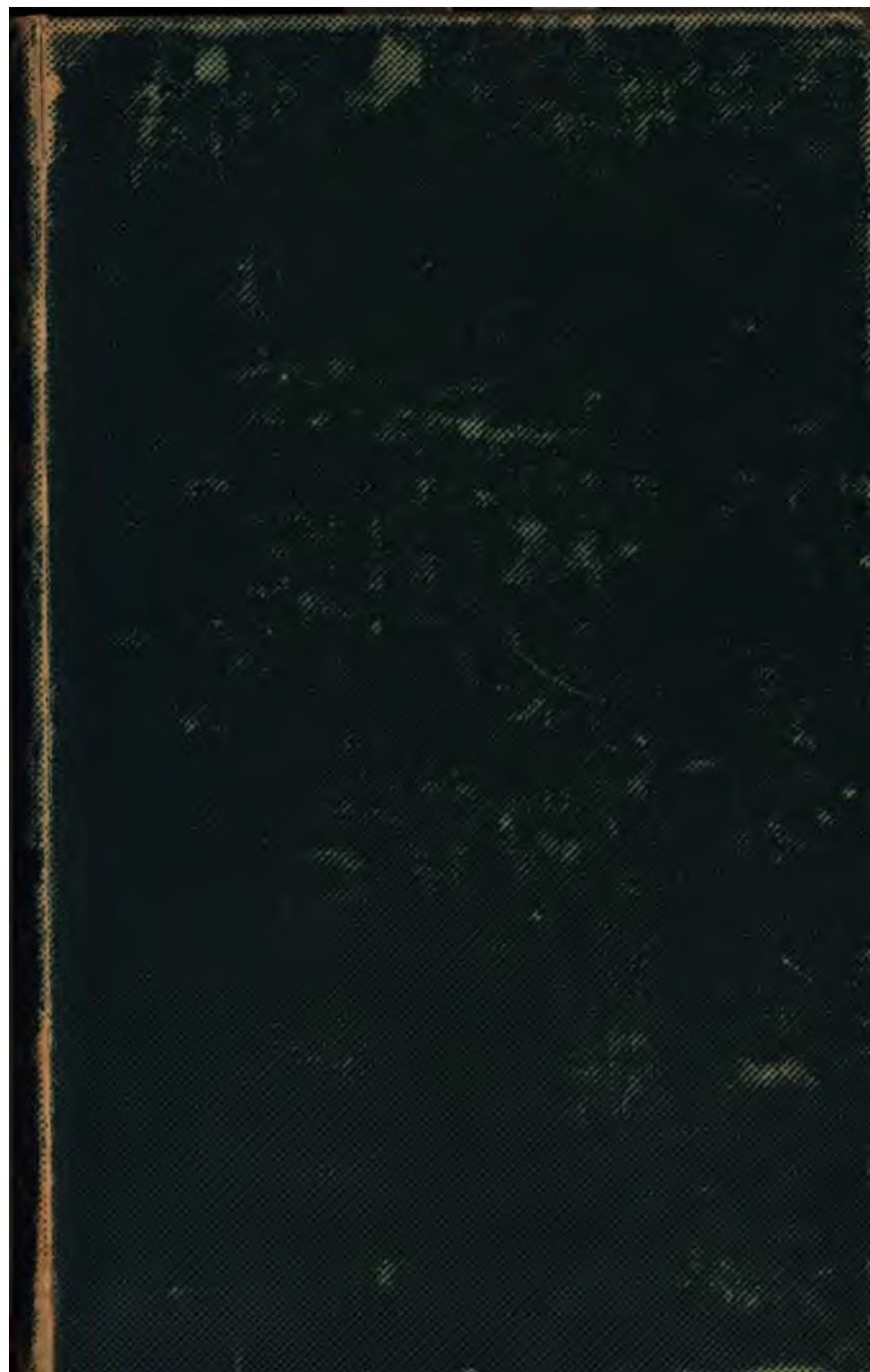
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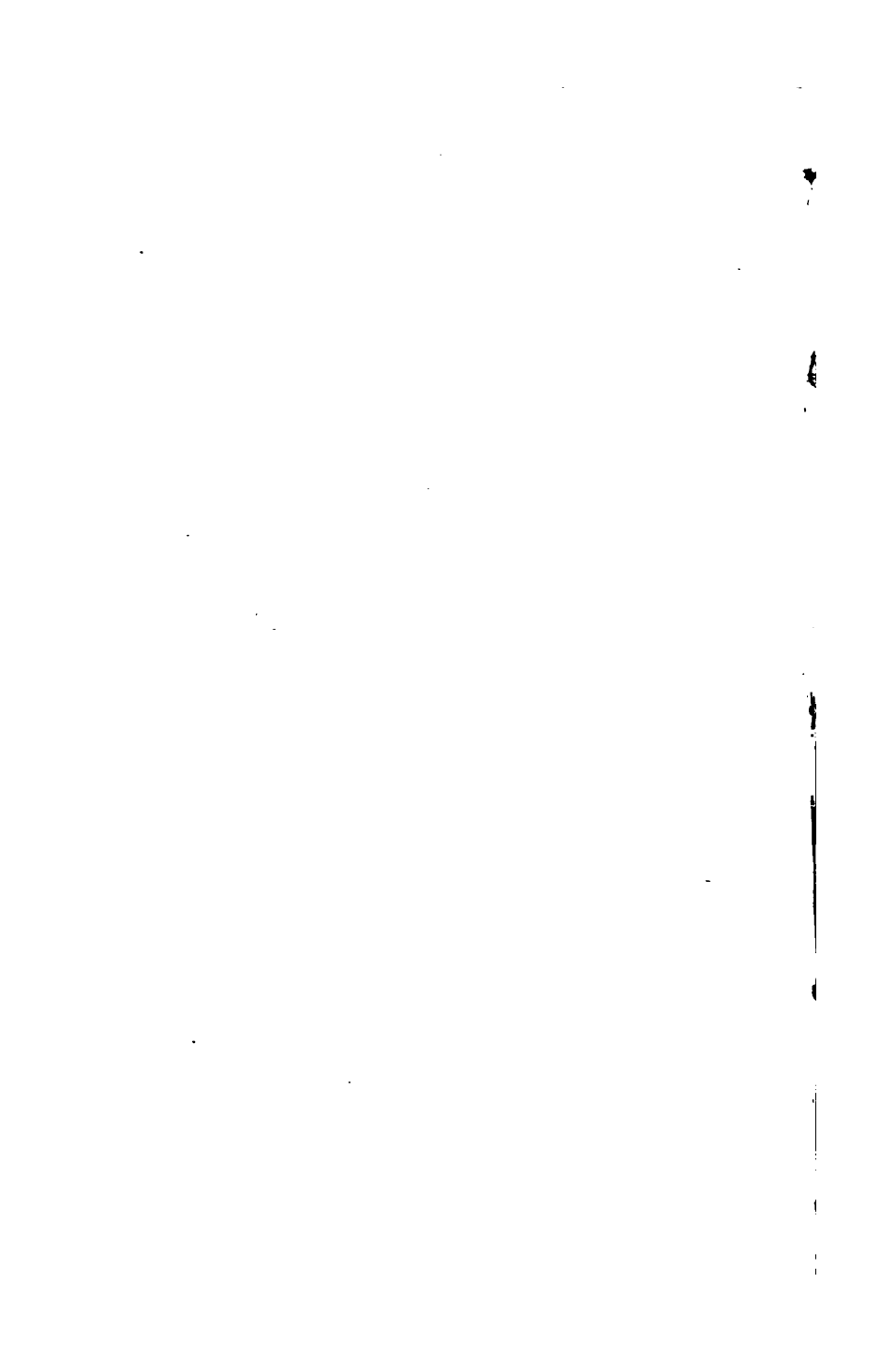
344.



GAZELLA

OR

RILCAR THE WANDERER.



GAZELLA

OR

RILCAR THE WANDERER.

A POETIC ROMANCE OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

BY FRANCIS WORSLEY.



"Oh! not the visioned poet in his dreams,
 When silvery clouds float thro' the wilder'd brain,
 When every sight of lovely, wild and grand,
 Astonishes, enraptures, elevates,
 When fancy at a glance combines
 The wondrous and the beautiful,
 So bright, so fair, so wild a shape
 Hath ever yet beheld!"—SHELLEY.

" Came one frail form
 A phantom amongst men: companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm
 Whose thunder is its knell.
 and now he fled astray
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
 And his own thoughts along that rugged way,
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey."—IBID.

LONDON
 SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

—
 1839.

344.

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PRINTED BY W. BLATCH, GROVE PLACE,
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TO
GENERAL SIR HENRY WORSLEY, G.C.B.

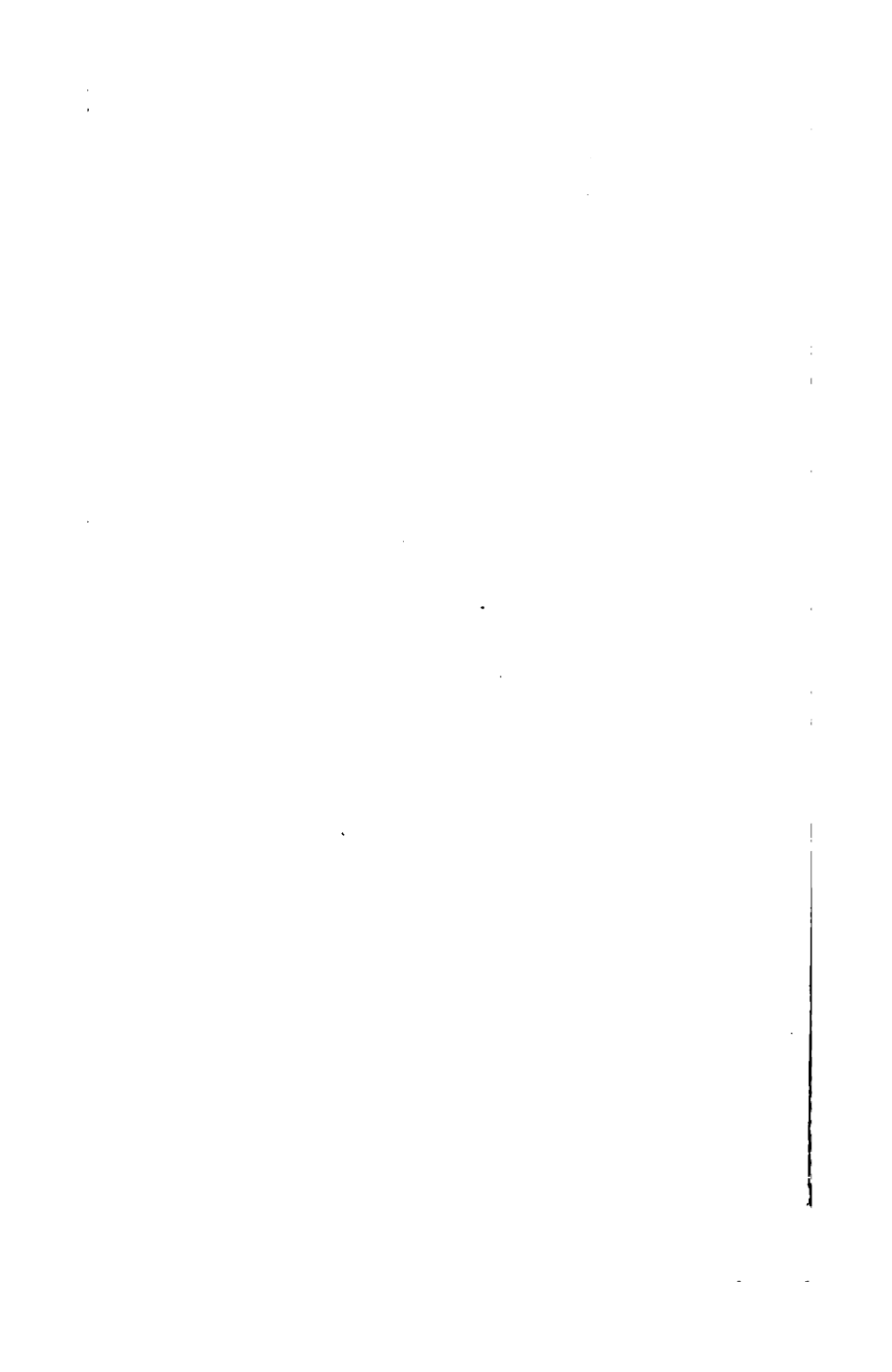
This Poem,

THE SCENERY OF WHICH IS IN HIS NATIVE ISLE,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

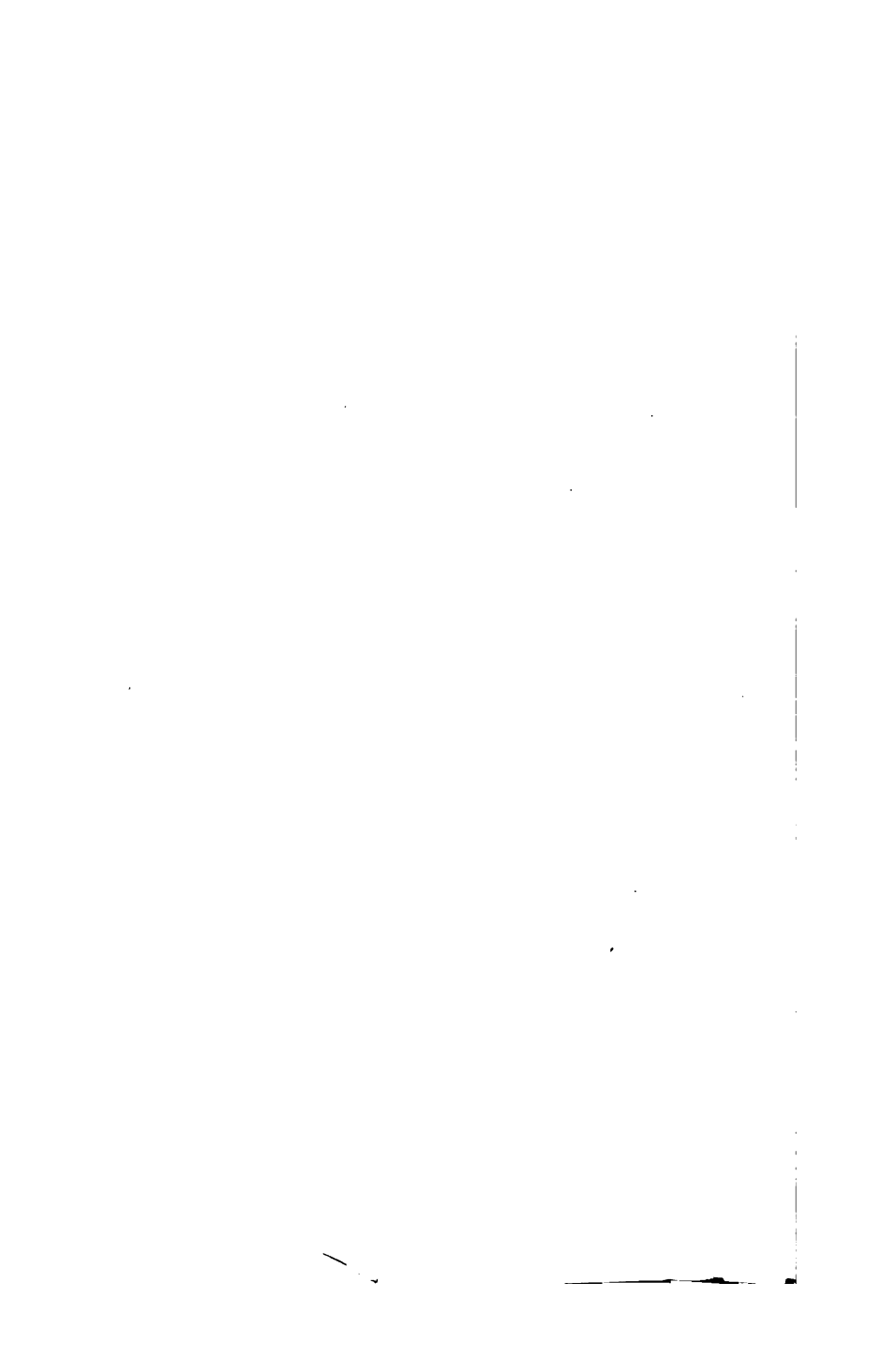
BY HIS AFFECTIONATE NEPHEW,

THE AUTHOR.



ERRATA.

- Page 2, line 2, for "fleetest," read *fleeted*.
Page 7, last line, for "race," (in some copies,) read *grace*.
Page 11, line 10, for "rolled," read *roll*.
Page 25, line 16, for "agony," read *extacy*.
Page 34, line 14, for "seem," read *seems*.
Page 46, line 16, for "e'er," read *ere*.
Page 59, last line, for "day's," read *days*.
Page 88, line 9, for "storm how," read *storm-howl*.
Page 101, last line, for "span," read *spar*.
Page 102, line 3, for "faith," read *fate*.
Page 109, last line, for "hours," read *hour*.
Page 112, last line, for "gulf-brain," read *gulf, brain*.
Page 166, line 16, for "in *the* lone ruin," read *in lone ruin*.
Page 166, line 18, for "agony," read *agonies*.
Page 167, line 1, for "it's," read *their*.
Page 170, line 8, for "there," read *these*.
Page 176, line 5, for "lines," read *hues*.
Page 180, line 2, for "clasp'd," read *claspt*.
Page 181, line 16, for "hither," read *thither*.
Page 183, line 17, for "storm," read *storms*.



TO THE READER.

THIS production has been entitled a Poetic Romance, less from the poetic form in which it is conveyed, than because it consists more of the romance of human passion than of variety of incident—more from the spirit than the letter.

And Metrical Romances, attempting the present rank of poetry, should be simple, not involved in incident; and the romance of human passion, in characters possessing an exalted nature

and poetry of feeling is properly the peculiar characteristic of poetic composition; for where incident is not accident but result—consequent from such human influences, the details will be all poetical, will promote, and be adapted to, that tone of sentiment requisite to sustain the dignity and qualities of Poetry; perhaps the surest test that a subject is worthy of, and by nature intended for, a portraiture by the tints of the Muse's pencil; even though they be the tints of Heaven; but wherever, to sustain poetical style, bombast is *felt* by the reader, be the writer assured his *subject* is not qualified for poetry—clothe it in prose.

There are two descriptions of Romance; that which may be denominated the Romance of real life, or which is engaged in the possibilities rather than the probabilities of human being; and

that which diffuses itself over a wide expanse of extravagance, and invokes supernatural powers to the developement of its details—of the former of these is the present Poem ; intending to unite romantic wildness of circumstance, with a blending of the mutual influences of poetical emotion and poetical philosophy, or that of feeling as distinguished from logical, (or the philosophy of reason) as the mainsprings or motives to action. The inner man, not the outer, and something more than the surfaces of things, being herein the argument ; and the scenery of Nature, and circumstances connected with it, are selected as subservient and appropriate to the characters and incidents.

To exemplify in ungovernable passion and its final catastrophe the fatal effects of a mistaken system of youthful regulation, in one individual, and the equally awful effects that may arise from

prejudices in weak minds, and from a false system of morality, in another ;—to display the effects of opposing passions on one possessed of the poetry, or intense sensibility, of feeling ; to see his agony under misfortune so severe, that *he* can with difficulty dispel the *sense* of horrible crime ; —to evince the influence of early associations on the tone and impulses of matured life ;—to present the only balm which aught earthly could afford, the quelling of a strong passion of agony by another stronger passion—love ; to shew the gloomy terrors and morbid imaginings which long habituation to misfortune excites ; to display nature pure and unalloyed in the female sex, as distinguished from those with feelings perverted by a contaminating world,—these are the principal results of this Poem ; and would that the execution were equal to the conception !

But the author may say with Kirke White
in similar circumstances, in his Poem entitled
“Time :”—

“Yet not to me hath God's good providence
Given studious leisure, or unbroken thought,
Such as he owns—a meditative man,
Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve
Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er,
Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din,
From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd
With Mirth's unholy shouts.”

CANTO I.

WHEN the soul of this world* his flamed pinions
has closed,
To show, his light vanished, with life how unblest,
In his own melting splendour has softly reposed,
And his guardian pinions have fainted to rest;
Oh! then has thy eye, which the day-god scorch'd
down,
For daring to gaze on such glory as his—
At night to cooled heaven like a banish'd star flown,
And thro' it thy soul to the regions of bliss!

* "Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul!"

MILTON.

In the millions of planets that throb its dark breast,
 One of earth's fleetest spirits thou thinkest each
 beam;

In the Deity's glory thou viewest each drest,
 And the wearied of earth lulled in one blessed
 dream.

The dark boundless ocean on which they are borne,
 Is like earth's wide ocean when stilled to peace;
 And beacon-lights gleam on its wild waste forlorn,
 The long landless bidding his heart's sorrows
 cease :

And to him of a country which slavery crushed,
 Where man tortured man and trampled his
 brother—

Oh! the shore where by Freedom his sorrows are
 hush'd,

Is the bright beacon guiding, life's home to recover!
 That land is a heaven; to it others are hells;
 In it life is inhaled; in them death heaves its moan;

"Tis a world in itself, for the freeman there dwells,
And *partakes* not a nature to others unknown.

But worlds have their satellites, pure and as bright
As the planet from which their being is drawn;
Thus, England, the beams which thou sheddest of
light,
Are poured on thy isles like the beams of the dawn.

Like a star on yon blue sky thou beam'st on the sea,
Britain's satellite robed in the rays of the free—
Vectis, my native isle! and tho' no fame
Cling like a magic halo round thy name,
Or, by time hallowed, science, glory, might,
With the past's poets, patriots, heroes, bright,
Exalt thee, such as boast the isles of Greece;
Yet Freedom, with whom these endure or cease,
Lives in thy Present—lived *but* in their Past,
Whose Mind alone enduring light has cast:
If thou boast not to be, or to have been,

Of a past world's pride the ruin, or the scene ;
 Thou dost boast what they now are, not to be—
 The hopeless homes of slaves and tyranny !
 And Nature's works, still fair when man's decay—
 Green waves the ivy o'er the Ruin grey !—
 In happiest grace thy scenes and shores combine,
 Of Nature's poetry thou island shrine !
 Inspired by votaries in human forms,
 And one whose soul flowed radiant through her
 charms.

Oh ! soft their eyes in foreign climes,
 And melody the tones they speak ;
 As luring charms each fair combines,
 As bright the roses on her cheek.
 As sylph-like France the forms of thee,
 As warm the heart is in each breast,
 As dark the eyes of Italy—
 But, England, be thy boast—*the best* !
 When youth and health glow in their pride,

Oh! faithful may their syrens sigh,
The insects of a summer-tide;
But come thy chill, Adversity!
Then, as the meteor o'er the flood
The anguished wand'rer lures astray,
Enticing—fleeting whence it stood,
Uncertain, false, they flee away!
Or as some hope thro' life's fair day
In thought 'gainst future sorrow nursed,
Deeming it should be saving balm,
Then---'mid treacherous gloom dispersed!

But, English maid, to thee the palm,
That o'er the couch of grief and woe
To love and faith thy tear-drops flow,
And sweet thy voice to soothe and calm,
As brightest gives the star its light
When darkest is the vault of night;
Steady the beaming of thy eye,
As in prosperity it gave,

Both live—both oft together die,
 And sink together in one grave !
 As if soul, sense, not form alone,
 Bound youth and maiden into one !

A valley'd home, whence wound a dale,
 An arching tree-grove shelter'd, bound ;
 Leading o'er primrose, daisy pale,
 To a virgin fairy's Queendom round ;
 A circular, a hollow dell,
 Girt, sheltered by a dark fir-mass,
 While sunny banks within did swell,
 Where violet, snow-drop, and hare-bell,
 Thick flower'd o'er their soft moss-grass ;
 A grove which bade the rough blast cease,
 A pass but for soft gales would be,
 And meltingly on the sooth'd ear,
 Oh ! sweet to those retired in peace !
 Its far calm voice the wave-tongued sea
 Did like Oblivion's murmur rear,

Or hum of far bee-busy crowds—
The world of waters or of men :
Faint flow'd the gale's wing with scent-clouds,
And bees' with flow'r-sweets of the glen ;
While the soft sedge sigh'd pensively
Around the central chrystal pool,
As if hid lover there did sigh
To view disrobed of simple dress
Her form, whose summer-flush to cool
The embower'd lymph Clare oft would press,
All clothed in radiant loveliness !
With breast arm-clasped, with blush intense,
The timid glance of innocence !
While margin flowers themselves behold
Mirror'd in life more spiritual,
And such moist honey-dew unfold,
As, faint with their own beauty's sight,
O'erhung, they wept within to fall,
Or shamed by their queen's charms more bright ;
While in slender race the willow wept,

And its long tresses that stream swept,
Till it seemed that willow's blended tears ;
That tree, whose shading foliage rears
From that flow'ry islet's central ground,
Which, bathed by that chrystal pool around,
Looked a pearl by a watery diamond bound.

Thro' summer hours there Clare would dwell,
Her auburn tresses playing down
A back white as her soul alone,
And o'er her bosom's fervid swell ;
Like sun-rays parted in their beaming
Rich o'er shining snow-meads streaming.

Veil'd from the world, Clare never felt
Her form but moved a wand of charm ;
The truth ne'er knew, *there* witchery dwelt
The stoic soul with thrills to warm.
Oh ! who were cool, when to his sight,
The sleepy richness of her eye

Sweet dreamy bliss, thro' liquid light
Seemed breathing soft with balmy sigh !
The shedding of its dew-soft light
Was a rich effluence of soul—
Oh ! lily of the vale, too bright
And sensitive for earth's blasts foul !
The raying of a noontide sun,
When golden vapours float before,
And through them mellowed streamings run,
Does not more slumb'ring lustre pour.
Oh ! not the peaceful turtle-dove,
So holy in her nest of love,
Seemeth more sacred to the ken,
Meek cooing in the woody glen !
Such worship as the pious pour,
When, eyes upraised, they God adore,
Felt all for her—the impious saw,
And passed her with exalted awe !

Who, that beheld her gentle bend,

And marked the graceful arm among
 The roses bloom, as if to blend
 Those roses with the lily long,
 Saw not in that sequestered grove
 The spirit of Nature, who had furled
 Her white-winged purity of love,
 Repulsed by an obeyless world?
 Oh such was Clare!—for ne'er more clear
 The ether on the mountain's brow,
 Clothed with the clouds that rolled below,
 Than that young seraph moving here.

Oh she was blest! first nature there
 Flourished, a plant round which no force
 Of hothouse Custom burned its glare,
 To strain it from its free, due course.

Clare had a guardian, who had wrought
 To mould her to a wish for show;
 But as the rose by zephyr caught,

Back with its native spring will grow,
 Ne'er her young spirit had she brought
 To rise but from the attempted blow.

Parent-bereaved ! Clare could address
 No mother, sire, but Him above ;
 She moved a child of loveliness,
 But lived to none the child of love ;
 For she to whose last care, control,
 Clare's parents their sole child consigned,
 Was falsehood's dupe, and did possess
 A worldly heart, an earthly soul !
 Form, Custom's slave, she deemed a mind
 Of nature, truth—low, unrefined ;
 And scorned young Clare as simple fool ;
 Scarce noticed her, or, coldly kind,
 Who loathed deep-drilled Deception's mask,
 And fled from maniac Fashion's rule,
 Unskilled to understand the task
 To learn joy but in Nature's school.

The violet, though it modest hide,
Deep in the leaves, the fragrant gem,
Its very sweets the hand shall guide,
To pluck it from its nestled stem;
Though veil'd retirement conceal
From thee, and hosts, thy peerless worth,
Yet, Clare, shall e'en thy calm breast feel,
Naught free from sorrow is on earth!

The sun, though of his glowing fierce,
All shall be cooled by verdant shade,
Yet will his milder radiance pierce,
Like star-light, through the leafy glade;
And never yet a sylph like thee,
From thy home, jasmine-covered, past,
Some gladden'd eye could fail to see
The rays of thy soft planets cast,
Cheering the hapless, yet to give
Thoughts to a world where thou couldst live!

Yet was there one Clare chancing met,
Whom ne'er the doomed maid shall forget ;
Through day-star bliss, through night-pall'd pain,
Ne'er his dark form be lost again !
Present till death !—its image twined
In her brain's thought, her spirit's mind !
One passing glance, one breast-hid blush,
One quickened tread, one vein-thrilled gush
'Neath her transparent skin, one dart
Of crimson fluid to her heart ;
Like summer-lightning's pure, mild flit,
Through rain-sheets seen, by moon-beams lit,
When, spread through air, its veins are driven,
Gathered, swift lower space to quit,
For centred heat—the heart of heaven !
The altered eye, its pass of light
Changed in its kind, the passion told,
And that a new life to its sight,
Then first was drunk—had gained a hold,
Ne'er known till then from mortal mould !

Oh sympathy of kindred souls!
 In love's own sun Clare's faint did bask,
 And did not *his* thrill?—who can ask?
 The fine glance of a soul-thrilled eye
 Beams love's sun, and the soul controls,
 As sun-rays bade the harp reply,
 Of Memnon, with soft harmony.

'Tis summer's noon; all Nature dreams
 In warm rich rest, 'neath opiate beams;
 Sky, hill, and dale, stream, leaf, and flower,
 Breathe love to Peace's blessed pow'r.
 'Mid violet, lily, tulip, rose,
 'Neath shade of honeysuckle bower,
 (Cell of that dell she doats upon,
 The cool moss turf bears Clare's repose;
 Soft lulling glowings o'er her come,
 Sweet perfumes, murmurs, insects' hum,
 Bathe in balmy self-oblivion,
 And clear ideas drown in mixed heap,

From which some bright, blest, visions leap,
 As if the offerings angels burn,
 Of incense, in celestial urn,
 To God for blessings a return,
 In their warm fumes the senses steep—
 Such heaven inhales her pure soul's sleep !

While in such dream-charm'd sleep Clare lay,
 And o'er her lovely features play
 The gentle, calm, husk'd, moonlight smile,
 Lo ! bends there at her side the while
 A manly form ! His hands are claspt,
 His dark orbs on her face are cast
 With gaze intense, as if the last
 Moment of bliss he e'er might feel,
 Ere death his joy-starv'd life should seal.

The wildering frown, the furrowed cheek,
 His anguish'd dreary soul bespeak ;
 The bleaching of the night-black hair,

His eyes' red-flashing, woe-worn glare,
 Struggling with whirlwinds of despair,
 Tell of the nerve-strained passions' stir,
 The outcast, world-shunn'd wanderer !
 As balsam may the madd'ning rage
 Of throbbing wounds in rest assuage,
 His deep-fix'd eye-draught seem'd to bring
 Rest to long years of suffering !

Yet on his darken'd brow appears
 More age of sorrow than of years ;
 The bloom of health, the hectic flush,
 O'er his burnt cheek contending rush ;
 And youthful beauty, hoary woes,
 Seem striving like long mortal foes !
 But now resignation, soothed content,
 Triumphant, to his frame have lent
 Their banished grace, and cares have left
 But shadows on his spirit, reft
 Of innate substance, though their damp

Must still on his fine features stamp
 Their long-borne impress, they seem quench'd
 In rapture's lightning, which has wrench'd
 Their pow'r to torture, and has giv'n
 Rest from their hell—the rest of heav'n!
 As if the fangs the vitals gnaw
 Were dragg'd forth from some viper's jaw.

Man's passions conflict short as strong:
 Like fierce hawks struggling in the air,—
 Each rises—falls; till mounts ere long
 One, high ascendant—stedfast *there*!
 Joy is of nature, forced is pain;
 And, wearied out by agony,
 As, spent with toil, we rest would gain,
 Fain was his rack'd soul deep to lie
 In love's sweet dreamy slumberings,
 And drain that sleep's lethean springs.

But could he long, long mute remain,

In such new air, and yet restrain
 The inspired breathings thro' his brain ?
 Did their sweet essence mantle up,
 And not o'erflow the life-fill'd cup ?
 No, thrilling with his soul's quick glow,
 His words came faltering, broken, slow.

“ Oh! beak-fixed tortures!—ye whose hold
 My soul's hard wrestlings has withstood,
 By whom hell's flames were scorchless, cold,
 Were icy to my burning blood—
 Where are ye *now* ?—where, fire-wing'd fiend,
 Thy crushing weight!—my heart has breath,
 Is flame-proof to thy torments—weaned
 From dying life—from living death !
 Where are ye, mad blasts!—ye whose term
 Of ruin-path rock'd the unscreen'd crag!—
 Its dizzy reel, its pending swag,
 Its base have sunk, deep, shakeless, firm ;
 That very riving strong has sped

Its clutch, more bedded in its bed!
 The morn has come—the storm is gone,
 O'er it the forceless breezes fly;
 Stretch'd round its head th' unclouded, lone,
 Calm blue-depth of the summer sky :
 Ay, such am I—but I have been
 To a repulsive, foe-fill'd world,
 The gun-shot on the ocean, seen
 O'er its dark troublous waters hurl'd;
 Heav'd, bounding, toss'd from wave to wave,
 But, whelm'd as in a peaceful grave,
 Rest comes, the boil'd flood closed at last,
 Sunk down in hidden depths for ever :
 Steel'd to woe's turmoil, pang'd more never,
 The bitterness of death is past!
 Oh! 'tis enough one hour to dwell
 Near this blest angel, one that driv'n
 To be without, e'en heav'n were hell,
 And to be with, e'en hell were heav'n!
 Oh! 'tis enough : the soul to man

With all the bliss one gaze can give,
 O'er wastes of memory no span
 Of the mind's eye can e'er receive
 One other thought than here does live !
 Oh ! dare I even hope to hear
 Of melody one soothing tone ;
 Of pity's voice the accents dear,
 The dew-drop to the famish'd moan
 Of pains long sculptur'd on my face !
 E'en more !—to gain one crav'd embrace !
 To press the life-balm to the wounded place ?
 The tear's soul melting down her cheek
 Were feeling undeserv'd by me ;
 The emotion chok'd, too full to speak,
 Were bliss, *I*, sure, may never see !
 Shall purity be poison'd by
 Pollution's touch ?—great God ! hear dinn'd
 In conscience' ear the back-cast lie---
 Have I not suffer'd ?—have I sinn'd ?
 Live, lovely stranger ! live to bless

Some God, some seraph with thy smile !
 Too much wert thou for happiness
 Of mortal form—sure dreams beguile
 My stagger'd brain !—why do I stay ?
 Why have my feet not thither led
 Their fate-fixed wanderer ?—away !
 She wakes !—dread bliss !—the choice is fled ! ”

Yes ! Clare does wake—wake from a sleep
 Of visions sleep's life only feels,
 When o'er that dead existence creep
 Phantoms of substance—sleep reveals
 In sense-held realty those fay-forms
 Which live but in the *fancy's* storms
 Of waked humanity, and fleet,
 Like all things beautiful and sweet ;
 Bending to earth one moment, then
 Paler and paler, distancing
 Their fair, frail features from the ken
 Of man for ever, as they wing

Away, away from his strain'd gaze,
 The once-seen wonder ; while his eye
 Clouds with the blinding, thick'ning maze,
 And swells bright from its socket's traits,
 Scarce held from tracking thro' the sky
 To pierce the mist's futurity !
 Of God's own breath's rays centred light,
 Poison to such were air of earth,
 Brief here they tarry ere their flight,
 Brief as the dream that lent them birth !

Clare woke from such bright bliss of soul,
 When sooth'd from aught that breeds a frown ;
 And love, warmth, extacy, control
 And weigh each ruffling earth-pulse down.
 When head, heart, mind, with uncheck'd sense
 Pour'd their rich store's benevolence,
 Whole, unalloy'd, their essence drain'd
 Of that sole atom which remain'd
 To mark her earthly, mortal-stain'd !

Rose half her figure from the couch,
 'Mid perfumed roses, which lay prest,
 Still dreaming, from her cheek's warm touch,
 Out-vied in sweetness by the breast
 There late heaved in its white soft rest !

Her white arm rested on the bed,
 Oh ! fit supporter of such frame !
 O'er that faint breast the other spread,
 To chide the throb's yet doubtful name ;
 Well suits the posture to her state,
 The outward semblance to the mind,
 The half-roused doubt what agitate,
 What is real truth, what false as wind,
 Which play'd one moment on *her* face,
 Then fled, o'er other forms to chase !
 Her soul yet slumbered, as she turn'd
 And gazed one moment on the youth ;
 Fixed was her eye, and wonder burn'd
 With brain perplex'd, to solve the truth :

There knelt the same form she had seen
 In vision'd sleep; the same dear sprite
 Remained to be what he had been,
 When full entranc'd in day-dream's light!

'Twas but one moment,—from the pain
 Of filmy mists she strove to clear
 One look—convictions!—back again
 Clare sunk; for *there* existed near,
 The form whose glance had once been set
 On her's, and from that moment dear,
 Liv'd in each thought his eye of jet:
 And, oh! the bliss to see him now,
 To know that from his dazzl'd brow
 The soul of love, in lambent flame,
 Responsive to her soul's love came!
 Quick was her heart's pant! with keen gush,
 Flew to her cheek the burning blush,
 Herald of truth! too well she knows,
 And cools it in the paler rose:

While he, in awe too full to speak,
 Bent o'er in fainting languor meek.
 Surprise and bliss ! to think that he,
 So long estranged from passion's calm,
 Should yet, oh blessed novelty !
 One sigh, kind feeling, rouse from sleep ;
 Should yet in one mild drop of balm,
 His wither'd heart's red-anguish steep !
 Oh, sympathy with suffering
 From any breast were dew of peace ;
 But oh ! to know that she should bring
 That balm, which bade his sorrows cease ;
 She, whose sole sight had wash'd away
 The canker of his life's decay,
 Should more—oh, dare he hope *that*?—love !
 Love *him* !—'twas agony of bliss !
 A frenzied dream—a joy above
 The curdling blasts, the tingling hiss
 Of horrors in his ears, when, lone,

He late, sunk prostrate, breath'd his moan
 With hot cheek on some death-cold stone!

He raised his hand his brow to press;
 The cold drops o'er its surface crept;
 In the solitude of silentness
 He heard his heart full-throbbing leapt,—
 The long dead chord was touch'd—he wept!

E'en that was balm,—'twas, on the lip
 Of some scorch'd wretch afar at sea,
 Who'd breath'd the fire of the fired ship,
 The rain which cool'd his agony :
 'Twas the first tear his cheek long bore,
 His woes had been too stern for grief :
 Oh, when had he thus wept before,
 When had he known such soul's relief !
 Heart-burning flames had dried their fount
 Ere to his eyes the tears could mount.
 All was a moment!—yet he strove
 For words that dared to tell his love :

Oh, was it truth ? did he not hear,
 When stole the deep sob from *his* breast,
 A sigh fall on his startled ear,
 Breathed from *her* heart, as if exprest
 To give a swooning bosom rest ?
 That sigh was as soft zephyr's gale,
 Swept o'er a chord long toneless, mute,
 Which bade it sound a sacred tale
 Of love, from music's finest lute ;
 He felt it thus, in raptured awe,
 Life with the sound he seemed to draw ;
 Strength was restored to nerve and tongue,
 And smooth-stream'd accents on it hung.

" Lady ! " he breath'd, and raised her hand—
 Clare started from her moment's trance,
 And rose in beauty's splendour grand ;
 While crimson glows with flying glance,
 Spread o'er her straining bosom's stress ;
 What eloquence its heaves command !

While her blue eye in love's advance,
 Fixed on his form in soft distress,
 Seemed dying in its tenderness !
 Oh, 'twas that time of crisis, when
 The heart its strength with tumult tries,
 And braves all force, or breaks, and then,
 Through passion's conflict, lives or dies !

Nature Clare stood !—ne'er knew her heart
 The mockery of stiff, cold art—
 In the soul's virginity of youth,
 Like a beautiful revealed Truth ;
 Ne'er with tamed lips, one wish Clare quell'd,
 Ne'er falsehood's blight their accents held ;
 Ne'er the pure breath on which was borne
 Their dream-sweet melody, was marr'd
 By the foul taint of truth forsworn,
 Of hopes from utterance debarr'd ;
 Nor the chill blast, with mildew blight,
 Less sweeps forth from the sun's young ray,

Than scorn's raw frost from love's own light,
 Clare' eyes of love's mild summer day.

" Lady, forgive,—with thee were e'er
 To see panged grief to pity it ;
 And that which may its pangs remit,
 Whate'er it be, to thee is dear :
 Thy heart is not of this cold world,
 Which breathes one pangless sigh, then sleeps,
 Then passes on, through pleasure hurl'd,
 While the left suffering bosom weeps ;
 Such breast *had* I,—this form has stray'd
 O'er the wide world and boundless sea,
 O'er lands which happier hearts have said
 That God most beautiful had made,
 But 'twas a desert world to me !

" But why thus tell I gone-by years,
 To thee, of sorrow ?—they are flown ;—
 Dare hope I that thy bosom's tears

Can flow for me!—but oh, unknown
The bliss to pour that heart's woes out,
Which strains to bursting, thine the ray,
Whose warmth the soul's cloud melts away;
Whose bliss can life's first impulse scout,
That whispers, pain than thee to give,
All paining tones should cease to live.
But why come hither?—why profane,
Hallowed to Solitude and thee,
A paradise where ne'er the stain
Of form less pure than thine should reign,
Or e'er where thou hast been should be?
Why climbs the lark on seraph wing,
Yon azure of serenity?
What guides the camel to the spring
In the wide desert's pathless sea?
And when, unpained, on night's mild light,
Thy upraised eye and soul are thrown,
While, bath'd like brightness in the bright,
That moon's face shines upon thine own—
Which seems to inhale the effulgence stream'd,

And looks more heav'nly on heav'n beamed!—

Oh! if but wings to thee were giv'n,

Where wouldst *thou* fly but to heaven?

Why does the wretch with woes aghast

Involuntary eyes to heav'n cast?

But yet why turn to that?—why know

The track to rest, the home from woe?

Mind is the human God—whose glance

Soars where that solace may be found

For which the soul longs, whose each wound

Throbs tow'rds its timeless heritage:

And I have felt, in heaven alone,

Or in communion with forms

Who make a heav'n wherever known,

Angels whose gaze lulls the brain's storms

To bliss, calm, bright, as God's own throne,

Could I find rest—could gain one tear—

Forgive! for such rest find I here!"

Who that e'er suffer'd, who e'er swoon'd

With tortur'd soul, and long fled peace,
'Neath the world's stigma, and has found
No voice to soothe, none to release
The thrice woe of Woe's own broodings,
The hell of thought, the rankling wound !
No sympathy with sufferings!
No heart, no hope!—oh God! no wings
To bear aloft with shuddering rush
The stunn'd and stagnant soul, and shake
The night-mare from its den, and wake
As to new life, while branching gush
The blood's spirits from the heart, and flush
The cheek, and light the eye, and speed
Red lightning thro' the palsied form,
Like long damm'd streams from barriers freed,
As louring clouds, swoln huge by storm,
Burst vollying down, and flood each mead;
The thawing of the heart's froze fount,
Who such has felt not, when kind looks
Fall dew-like on its withered mount

From such how long estranged ! then flows.
 His soul, and thro' his eyes' deep brooks
 Gleams like an imaged star ! and throws
 Impassioned, fervent wanderings,
 Through deep-eyed tears, of speechless blessings
 On suffering's blessed friend ; and who
 Looked on the world yet, but ne'er knew
 Woman is pity's shrine ! her soul
 Is dewy with its vapours soft,
 Which in pure essence round it roll,
 Breath'd from its throbbing glow, and oft
 Kindle like ether's flame, and move
 Her melting soul to faint with love !

Clare felt his woes—oh ! had he known
 The pangs, the half-choked, shame-veiled grief,
 Entranced like monumental stone,
 With which she saw, heard, gave belief,
 Sooner to rocks had pealed each moan,

Or vultures claimed his corse their pelf,
As, nerve-convulsed, Clare quelled each sigh,
Bath'd in a chrystal agony,
The angelic goddess, Pity's self!

How fell her tones?—nay, at soft eve,
When pensive Twilight hastes to weave
Her veil of melancholy o'er
The dreaming world, and still charms pour
Their soothing, peace-fraught influence,
Go, and with rapture-thrilling sense,
List where the nightingale and lute,
Mingling in dreams of melody,
Thy spirit thrill, and the ether mute,
Seem heaved in waves that murmuring sigh;
And as through summer-cloud soft flow
Rich saturating floods of beams,
Through its deep vapoury down's gold glow;
So sink, and melt down, the notes streams,

The etherial fluid of thy soul ;
 When thus above all earth's controul .
 Soars thy whelm'd spirit, deem alone
 Thy tranced conception *feels* the tone
 Of Clare's half-sigh'd, half-drown'd appeal
 To him who thus could woes reveal,
 Which made his brain and vision reel.

But what the love that tempts Clare now
 To tread where her lov'd flow'rets grow !
 Is it to tend each valley child ?
 There may they revel uncull'd, wild :—
 Far other loves allure to go.
 Late had her graces o'er them smiled ;
 But now, by warmer passion guil'd,
 Unnoticed they may idly blow !

Oft have they met—a mutual life,
 A new existence, and calm'd strife,

Of woes love-quenched in her he caught ;
He lives once ~~more~~ : and sweeter lore
Pure nature's child entrance, than thought
Of whence is he who thus can pour,—
As oft, unknown to all, they steal
Through the thick flowery dell, to seal
The triumph of warm hopes each eve—
Pure balmy rapture to her breast,
When in deep bliss, to his soft prest ;
While, breath'd in ardent ecstacies,
His thrill'd soul's adoration wild,
While all dissolved in charmed rest, lies
Her throbbing form within his arms,
Blushing love's glows with richness mild ;
While soft fire 'neath each eye-lash warms
Adoring deep, retaining eyes,
Fixed tremulous in imaged light,
Like sea-stars on their heaven-stars' sight.

The moon-sail'd dreamy, one still night,

O'er the calm vale, while low they knelt,
 Link'd their thrill'd palms ; with truth soul-felt,
 Pure vows of life-long love Clare breathes :—
 “ Maid ! ” cried the youth, “ o'er loves decree
 Man's will is powerless, and death's,
 For that of heaven from earth is free ;
 We want not *vows*, for love *will* reign
 If vowed or not, and mine remain,
 For the *soul* changes not, nor dies ;
 Let perjured hearts the bought oath prize,
 To us it were an insult void of cause ;
 Honor they need who need such ties,
 Affection's, our alone, are hallowed laws.”

“ Rílcar, whence art thou ? ” At the sounds
 The startled youth uprising bounds,
 While, cloud-unveiled in majesty,
 The moon, like a bright soul set free

From earth's cloud too, seem'd beaming peace,
And calm joy's soft serenity.

"Come to the cliffs as sun-rays cease,
To-morrow eve, that girt this isle,
Then shall my tale thine ear beguile."

CANTO II.

EVENING, the blushing Sabbath of the day,
Whose genial calm, and purifying ray,
Lull like soft pensiveness in woman's eye,
Whose mild air seems sweet Contemplation's sigh :
Creation's clime with opiate wand controls,
And soothes in balmy dreams afflicted souls :
Earth's empyrean, and the Spirit's hour,
The triumph of its sympathies and pow'r,
When the Immortal has the mortal crush'd.
Its hopes when brightest, and its woes when
hush'd;
When haunting earth-mists from its rays are
driv'n,
And they soar heav'nward whose source is heav'n !

They stand upon the Isle's lone, rocky brow,
 While sinks the sun o'er ocean's dreaming glow,
 (That emblem of unstable human peace,)
 Like some bright earthless phantasm's slow decrease,

O'er the calm depths of high poetic soul,
 Heaved rich in beams fast fading to that goal
 Where all things heav'nly depart below;
 Oh, who the scene views but with brain fine-
 wrought,

As one pure pageant of inspired Thought!

"Shall the dark ghosts of gone-by woe,
 Oh, my adored maid," Rilcar said,
 "Fresh summon'd up, stun, rend the thread
 Of our love's life?—thy wish be mine,
 Tho' torn joy's nerve it may rejoin.
 Mine was a sire in whom from birth
 Red passion o'er calm reason reign'd;
 In silent fear I follow'd forth

His tread of gloom when heav'n regain'd
My mother's angel-soul---whose form
On earth by premature decay—
A delicate lily 'mid storm—
My sire's cruel rage did fret away ;
He felt his savage brow had cast
An Upas-shadow o'er her soul,
Which 'neath its venom wither'd, pass'd
From his self-uncontroll'd control !
Then came Remorse!—he loved her then
'Mid mortal anguish when too late,
And wander'd wild, and e'er in pain
Bore me along, and curs'd his fate
With mood e'er cloudy, and sour'd soul
Whirl'd to fell passion past control,
Oft hurl'd on me in blows, and storm
Of torrent-rushing voice;—each form
Of each clime's beauty visited,
A human stream wild wand'ring on,
Nature's bounds wearing with dash'd moan

In boiling foam thro' lands unknown ;
 I, his sole-born, with hurried tread,
 Grasp'd by stern Care's hand 'neath aw'd dread ;
 Yet have I pitied, loved him, when
 Tears his mute agony express'd—
 Remorse but fann'd in its scorch'd den
 The natural hell within his breast;---
 I have wept too, and dared to breathe
 The sobbing tone of Sympathy ;
 But, as he fear'd within its sheathe
 Reproach's lurking dart must lie---
 Sore is Guilt's self-reproachful heart,
 But least brooks others bid it smart---
 While lightning flash'd from his red eye
 The storm of passion's thunder peal'd
 In roaring wrath---my blood congeal'd !
 Yet had he some few kinder moods,
 With calm love-tones---thought's war brief hush'd,
 Yet oh ! so rare, that thrilling floods
 Of sweet unbidden tears have gush'd

From these full eyes ; their warm, kind sound
 The frost thaw'd which my numb'd nerves bound ;
 For such man's nature---dearest still,
 Most prized, most honor'd, most enjoy'd,
 The rarest gift, the dearest cost ;
 Ay, till o'erjoy'd, rapt nature's thrill
 Of sympathy on tears is buoy'd ;
 Tears, grief which seem, show joy's extreme,
 Keenest that nerve by touch least crost,
 A joy oft tasted is a joy oft lost.
 To man I rose---lone pilgrims still,
 Sternly he guiled his pangs' dread thrill
 By grafting wisdom on my brain,
 But sombred o'er by gloom's dark stain ;
 Oh, blame him not!---innate were cast
 The savage seeds which sprang to blast
 His nature's good---wild impulse wrought,
 'Twas his misfortune more than fault ;
 He might have curs'd the parent-love
 Whose blind excess let each vice rove,

Which Truth perverted in its dreams ;
 Extremes have ever bad extremes !
 He, like his son, an only child,
 In passion's wilderness stray'd wild ;
 By thought untam'd---by friend uncheck'd,
 Reckless he lived till life he wreck'd !
 He hath embitter'd each bright spot
 Of lovely earth which 'twas my lot,
 In anguish'd muteness by his side,
 To gaze on as his steps might guide ;
 The present is the painted of the past,
 The painter of hues on the future cast !
 And scenes review'd reflect again
 Past thoughts of happiness or pain,
 As passive cliffs their shades will throw
 Brightly or black on lakes below,
 As beams or clouds their strength bestow ;
 And as to Memory shall arise
 The life of which they were the scene,
 So shall return their present guise,
 And future from what they *have been* !

Pleasing or panging to our eyes:
Being unnatural to earth, assign'd
A vision of perverted mind ;
Too well I've learn'd the past sheds back
O'er the present its shadow's track !
But dead submission with my youth
Pass'd like a thawing frost, as truth
And manly mind with my strength swell'd,
And taught the rights of man ;---I knew
He was my tyrant !---he who held
My sire's name---my blood !---the blast
Of his soul's winter my spring chased---
Nature reversed ! to thee was vengeance due !---
My dark brain vow'd to wrestle thro'
The awe long habit o'er each sense
Had thrown with withering influence,
Till as we stood, as now we stand,
On a vast cliff that beetled grand
O'er an abyss sea-based, I cried,
In soul absorb'd, forgot, unseen,

All else, and absent earth's demesne,
 As the last sun-beams flooded wide---
 "Soul of my mother!--in such light
 Floating to bliss was not *thy* flight?"
 "Wretch!" cried my sire, as swift he grasp'd
 My throat with agonized, red wrath,
 While foam'd his mouth and speechless gasp'd,
 Chok'd by his heart ~~swoln~~ by blood-froth---
 "Dar'st thou this damn'd reproach?---tho' God,
 Tho' Earth, tho' Heaven, tho' Hell shall frown,
 By Earth, Heaven, Hell, I'll dash thee down!"
 I reel'd in dread as struggling nod
 Our tott'ring forms o'er death's abyss,
 And strove to wrench his hold, but this
 Madden'd him more—resistance never
 E'er had he found in one endeavour,
 Tho' 'twas the gulf of death to 'scape
 I now but strove---for fell its gape!
 Reckless, in desperation wild
 He strain'd, and my roused strength reviled,

Where each dread interest possest
 To cling to his fix'd foe's clutch'd breast,
 And bear him up, lest, as one fell,
 The other down be dragg'd as well,
 I shrank as 'twere the depth of hell !
 I groan'd, I pray'd—he raved the more,
 The sweat-streams down our red brows pour ;
 Each horrible alternative,
 Myself to save, him down to drive,
 Together fall, or when spent—*live* !
 Reel'd as we reel'd !—oh God, to think,
 A father, son, thus on death's brink,
 On the cliff's narrow brow, should war.
 Ocean around spread, deep, down, far !
 That he in madness of fierce strife
 Should bring him death whom he gave life !
 My strong knees shook, my sight grew dark,
 Fire my brain, yet my blood chill'd stark !
 One final wrench !—Death I but fled !
 My sire's strength waned, his blind foot slipp'd,

Spare horrible description !—tripp'd ;
 In one fell instant back I laid,
 Prostrate by his slid foot, which wrung
 His lock'd hold from me, as, back flung,
 I cross'd the crag, but *he—went down!*
 By his own whirling force, and foot
 Which o'er the brink of the crag's crown
 With a too fatal force did shoot ;
 Spare horrible description !---spare
 The tale how rear'd each long-bleach'd lock
 As to death's crush he left the rock !
 Down like a frozen avalanche !
 While death's cold shades his features blanch ;
 The gasp'd dread of his frozen stare !
 I hear—death's dirge !—his falling shriek !
 His dying groan *when fall'n—will* speak !
 How it rose heavy, weigh'd with death,
 Up the abyss !—to Echo flew,
 Who, like avenging fiend, gave breath
 To hundred cliffs, which mocking threw

Dark reproach!—it hung on the air!
 Moan'd far o'er sea like last despair,
 As, flown all earth the tale to tell!—
 Horrible horror!—ghastly hell!
 Your deadliest pangs I know too well!
 Oh my rack'd soul!—still must thou lie
 Impaled on the red darts of Agony!"

Quiver'd his lip—he struck his brow
 With hands like iron clench'd, convuls'd
 His shuddering frame with blood repulsed;
 As if to take the leap below—
 Mad o'er the abyss he hung with woe!
 "Rilcar!"—then shriek'd the maid, and grasp'd
 His arm, and bound his neck arm-clasp'd;
 "Wilt thou forget *me*?—*me* deprive
 Of life, of him in whom I live?—
 Would'st thou then doom to woe for ever
 One from whom pain thou e'er would'st sever?
 Oh! my rash wish forgive, forgive!"

He starts to life!—her presence, lost
While in absorbing storm soul-tost,
He now recals, his faint smiles beam,
“ In thee I live, my soul’s bright dream!
One moment of forgetfulness
Gave time for the returning stress
Of horrors ; as of fiends which tear
Their victim, when a moment left
By his bright guardian angel’s care;—
Thou’st seen what I were of thee reft :
Oh ! if there be an impulse vast
That friendship, peace, may be maintain’d
By man with man, it is that cast
Back by Reflection when hath waned
Some well-known form, and to earth pass’d;
It is the thought that then revives
Each pang we gave; each passing breath,
Ruffling the swift tide of our lives,
Swells to the whirlwind’s height, and Death
We deem by us cheer’d on, Remorse

That gnaws, and Grief that wears, enforce
 The punishment and warning; each
 Virtue of the departed heart,
 Each petty word of our light breach
 Of kind tone, will gigantic start;
 Those virtues shall in vengeance drive,
 In form thrice hideous and vast,
 The invectives once hurl'd for *his* smart,
 Headlong upon our brain, and cast
 The keen lance of Reproach while we shall live,
 Whose venom'd wound Remorse will bid aye
 rive.

Oh! I fear not the precipice,
 So dread to thy unused nerves, eyes;
 Tho' brain has reel'd, and blood, with start,
 Flow'd shudd'ring back upon my heart,
 Habit can all things deadly face;
 Thus I retake the retrospect
 Of horrors perilous, and chase
 Their staggering fear, as calm, erect,

O'er this depth's crag-tooth'd jaws I stand,
The cliff like Life, the abyss past Woes,
Like this, Death's dens—whose yawning stare,
Crouch'd like fell tiger in its lair,
I've brook'd—till it has ceased to scare!
With fate as dark, with brow as grim,
By man as shunn'd, as strange, as dim!
Oh, that we could o'er ocean grand,
In yon rich cloud that swims in glows,
Like a gold urn, or burning snows,
To some pure sphere be borne away,
And leave the ungenial world for aye!"

They joined their thrilling palms and felt
Their rapt intensity of love,
Nature's rich glories doubly move
As o'er them his last glory sheds
The sun, as if his blessing dwelt
A Father's last upon their heads!
And when Clare thought of his pangs past,
The death scarce 'scaped, the perils borne,

Yet felt, beheld him, safe at last,
 And knew, to joy, that she had torn
 One so adored from grief forlorn,
 While soft thrills thro' her pure soul crept,
 On his loved breast she sank and wept!
 Clare loved him for his sufferings,
 For the wild mystery which rings
 Him round, and bade conjecture rove:
 For such is woman—such her love!
 Oh! his the form, voice, eye, and mind,
 From heart so exquisite, refined,
 To bid love's blushes like rays sweep;
 His gaze and voice could bid her weep,
 So tender, pensive each, each still
 Sure flow'd wild from the same soul's thrill!
 They sunk in Clare's as heaven's beam
 Pours deepest thro' the purest stream,
 And Rilcar's sigh was Clare's soul's dream;
 A wand'ring minstrel of the soul,
 Whose harp of Thought breath'd notes of dole;
 Poet, whose nerve-fret self-o'erwrought

His mind, a rich mine of gold Thought;
 He turn'd to Nature—Fancy fired,
 His dark eye lighted darker still,
 With dauntless soaring Rapture's thrill;
 He turn'd to Clare—his glance inspired,
 Changed to the melting beam of love;
 And, save if impulse, reason, strove,
 A despotism of liberty
 In wild extreme of feeling's reign,
 Keen to all sympathies, joy, pain,
 Sway'd—whate'er felt, intensely felt;
 Pain, agony—joy, extacy;
 Earth's cloud wraps Heaven's lightning vein;
 Thus in earth's mould his spirit dwelt,
 A Rhapsody in human form,
 Wild Spirit of Woe's midnight storm!

"Where is thy home, my Rilcar? where,
 When thou art from me, dost thou fare?"
 "My home is on thy bosom, Clare!

I was a drifting cloud, through night
Dark, and far on the storm's wings borne,
Till it imbibed thy soul's sun-light,
Glowed with it, and soared calm in morn !
Creation's soothing life I've breathed ;
To all so lovely once to me,
Have my closed sense and heart been sheath'd,
To all which hushed earth's throes, and gave
The God in man vitality,
And this heart in their calm did lave,
Though all things breath'd serenity ;
Oh ! what felt *I* serene ?—the grave !
Still as has flown the vessel on,
That bore me,—oh, I knew not where,
And some have stopped to gaze upon
Skies, coasts, and landscapes once so fair,
In reckless anguish of despair
I've cried, On ! on !—I nothing care !
No ! nature's varied beauties brought
With all of soothing, awful, wild,

What on my vision ?—what forms caught
 The numb'd nerve of my palsied gaze ?
 A chaos-heap—a mass up-piled !
 Drear, shapeless, as the desert maze,
 The wearying sameness of the sands
 Of vast Zahara, while each air,
 Though scent as this e'en, my parch'd glands
 Felt like that desert's, and the stare
 I fixed on all brought wearied aches,
 To these eyes sickening, as to the ear
 The dead monotony, when breaks
 The sea's eternal foam-rush drear
 O'er the worn rock, with restless dash,
 With voice,—' Wash, wash ! for ever wash !'
 I feared the dark !—what feared I not ?—
 Man ! but I loathed the very spot
 Where rose his cursed abode of feud,
 His breast jarr'd by the stunted brood
 Of imp-born trifles. Hence I gave
 My life to wanderings o'er the wave

And earth, and courted Solitude ;
 Till in her shrine—oh blessed hour !—
 Her priestess, thee, I met—blest power !—
 Who tore the vulture from my heart ;
 Ere this my solitude was none ;
 Where'er I sought it seemed to shun
 My form, and from my sight to start,
 Leaving, oh, God ! the dying stare
 Of *him*—mad nerve !—down, past despair !—
 Nay, I am calm—'tis past for ever !
 I knew, I reasoned, 'twas *not* crime ;
 But oft the tortured nerve's dark time,
 Despite itself, the mind's endeavour,
 And calming judgment, *will* o'ercome :
 We may their folly know, may strive
 To master them—they still revive !
 Then man—the world !—aye, the vile world,—
 Is it not vile ?—o'ergorged with sin !
 Which, *were I* black, should have caught in
 Its black embrace a brother, hurl'd

Scorn's venom on me, for the slime
 Of its cold smile alone *he* knows
 Who sins like it,—it frowns on those
 Whose crimes are novel ; man must have—
 Being a social being—habit's slave—
 A fellowship of *fellow* crime,
 To countenance and check thought's throes.
 Will the deep mind of wisdom, then,
 Be bond-slave to a thing so vile ?
 Shall the *world* doom to joy or pain ?
 No ! the deep stream, calm, steady glides,
 While shallow, bubbling, frothy boil,
 Turned by each leaf, their course aught guides,
 In storm each breath,—a beam, dry death ! ”
 “ Let the past be the past,” said Clare,
 “ And make it not the present ; care
 And woe thou'st known, my soul's beloved,
 That might suffice for thy *life's* share,
 Were it eternal, as I've roved
 To hope ;—for man's apportioned woe

Which, thro' his life in sprinklings cast,
 Lightens its weight, and Hope's light thro'
 Its thin show'rs peers, on thee rush'd vast,
 In one black whirlpool, cataract,
 Like forms most dense by light least track'd!"

" Yes, saving Saint!—and if it be
 A proud, a blessed thing, a calm,
 Self-grateful gratitude, heart-glee
 To quench pain's thrill with thrill of balm,
 A human brother raise from night
 Of hell's despair to heaven's delight,
 The mad make sane, and scare away
 Fiends of Thought's hell, Mind's night make day,
 If a crushed soul to heal, to teach
 Once more that death can never reach
 The soul—tho' stunn'd that 'tis not dead,
 Which *one* has doubted, such Woe's tread!—
 If there be joy in this, if life
 And soul should feel exalted in
 The soul's pure joy, and day's void strife

Here as hereafter such should win,
Freed from all sins of human birth,
Thine be the crown of heaven on earth !
Tho' shall come o'er my cloud-doom'd fate
Decrees of hell and damning hate,
Tho' Hope shall flee, and Woe's dark pow'r
Revel on life till life's last hour—
Memory, the mind's immortal eye,
Shall see, up Life's track'd vale cast back,
A star 'mid dark wastes of that night,
Reposed upon the bosom black
Of Time, whose name were Memory ;
By darkness more intensely bright,
A wreck'd gem's ray within its sea—
That man's allotted sum of joy
Concentrated was felt by me—
The raptured heaven I've known with thee !”

Their's was a more than earthly love,
And thrills which thus the worldly name

To this but Love's cold shadow prove,
 The parent from whom Hope's life came,
 Nursed on the breast of Joy, like to
 Beloved babe, doubling present bliss
 With forecast judging, fond from this,
 The promise of blest Future's view!
 Immortal souls in unthrall'd thrall,
 A blended essence unessential;
 As beam and gale in balm unite,
 Tempered to air more genial, bland,
 Clare shed on him her soul's warm light,
 The beam his spirit's wild gale fann'd;
 Love's spirit-link, whose clue, tho' one
 Be left to pine on earth alone,
 Shall guide to recognize, earth past,
 And night of mortal being's waste,
 The one adored, amid the train
 Of Seraphs blest in Heaven's reign,
 There in one Spirit of bliss blend
 Sublimely full as free of end!

Here, the rich flow of Wisdom's mind
Exalted, and with Love's stream joined,
Reflection's summoned pensiveness,
Pampering with mockery of distress ;
Charming th' adoring eye to beam
More tender, and love's flow to stream
With fresh glow, e'en more fervent still ;
To feel more blest their love's soul-thrill,
Tempting the dewy sigh, th' embrace
Round her most delicate waist, strained
To his fond breast; while, blushing grace,
He kissed off the soft whisper gained
From her rich lips how dear he reigned!
Clare's breast in one pure essence shrined,
Passion's soul, and a soul of mind :
They thought upon the world afar,
In fancy viewed its woes and war,
Then turn'd to view, with contrast's eye,
Love's picture's strong reality ;
Like twin stars, which, while this world's scene

Is torn and tossed by feud and force,
 Afar beam in the pure Serene,
 And blend their rays, and guide their course
 By mutual light—not Earth's I ween !

'Tis midnight's hour !—as some sweet dream
 Steals with faint, soft unconsciousness,
 While their clasp'd forms the dell-moss press,
 In their souls they feel the lunar beam ;
 While pours the Spirit of the grove
 Its soul forth, its rich voice of love,
 O'er that soft harp, the rays which sleep,
 Till, waked those moon-chords by the sweep,
 Like music o'er a heav'nly stream,
 Of melody's breath'd o'er them thrill,
 While earthlier things are hush'd and still—
 They hear the dew-charm'd notes ascend
 Like spirits' voices thro' the sky,
 On those beam-strings which in heav'n blend,
 While thrill'd vibrations end to end

With quivering accents seem to fly,
Hence fall the sweet notes so heav'nly !
Lightly they glide down the green dale
Beneath the orb of Night's mild veil ;
While deep in sleep Clare's home is still,
In link'd embrace they reach the shore,
Where Rilcar raised her dream-like charms,
And on the unmoor'd shallop bore
In spirit tranced, in his blest arms ;
And seized the oars and glode away
Far out o'er the calm deep, while lay
Clare's cheek on his thrill'd breast : loose lies
The sail, and like their own breasts' sighs
The rock'd gales sleep on ocean's breast,
Breathing the voice of peace and rest,
The murmur'd dream of deep Repose ;
Which, as the wavelet rippling flows,
Breaks sublime solitude alone
Of ocean's trance, except the oar's dip
'Mid the spiritual pensiveness,

Like that loved music can impress,
 Of his raised eyes, and deep soft tone ;
 While fixed on his Clare's speechless gaze,
 And anxious care's sigh on her lip
 Blends with deep love's, as wildly strays
 His mind, abstracted in wild thought,
 Lest reason fly his brain, o'erwrought
 With fits of horror ; and while tears,
 At his sweet voice, bedew her cheeks,
 Through them each dimm'd eye watching peers,
 As if each breath to inhale she seeks ;
 While as his oars rest, and they glide
 In pathless wanderings down the tide,
 With Calm's pure melody he speaks :—

“ While thus, beam-bathed, our boat floats down
 The lunar track, on ocean thrown,
 With glittering thrills response which heaves,
 While all seems dimly waste around ;
 Like some blest hour, whose light reprieves

Man's life from dark woes with which bound ;
 A light, like this, of heavenly source,
 A path of joy on his sad course ;
 Such as now—oh, beloved one ! sheds
 Balm like that moonlight on our heads,
 A veiling emblem, beamed to be
 Proof of great Nature's sympathy !
 Do we not feel on this scene, love,
 Of pathless purity, a joy
 Of purer calm, with less alloy
 Than scenes all else of earth can move ?
 As I gaze on yon spangled dome,
 Calm in the light of peace and bliss,—
 That moon's serenity—the Home
 Of souls !—and view, e'en *that* abyss
 Of blessedness can mirror'd be—
 Oh ! 'tis a triumph beautiful,
 To think e'en heaven can seem made
 More lovely, rich in purity—
 Imaged in light—more spiritual,

As with all lights, though but its shade,—
 In this calm blue depth, in *our* sea,
 The element o'er which we glide,
 As o'er the Spirits of Heaven's worlds !
 The vision of their reality,
 Souls of their forms !—while we in pride
 Seem brethren spirits doomed to fly—
 Stripped of gross sense as we glide on
 In solitude—for we are one !—
 To heaven on voyage from earth, death past,
 Beam-robed ! sure 'tis the mirror vast
 Of what it shall be ?—for are in
 This aimless, pathless, launching forth
 Into the wide obscurity
 But the Infinite seems girding in,
 This half material flood of earth,
 This moonlight on a summer sea,
 This fluid deep—thoughts that deny
 Earth and earth's nature, and we seem
 Changed and half waked from its life's dream,

Further from Earth, and nearer Heaven,
 Than to all other scenes is given!
 Sea seems the element of Mind;
 Yon dome a world of sacred Thought,
 Starr'd with its infinite beams bright,
 Its each Idea clothed in rich light.
 Is it not strange, love, woes are twined
 Around *man's* being sole, tho' fraught
 With reason and the uncurbed control
 Of living things all else?—which *are*
 Happy, or his woe by him share;
 But *they* are soul-less!—is then his soul,
 His pride, his unshared glory, gift
 Of heaven, the cause?—that soul can lift
 To Passion's impulse, agony;
 But oh, what wonder!—this is not
 The soul's world, and it struggles strong
 With this dense frame's existence, rot,
 For its own life—yon stars among!
 But, oh redeeming, blissful might!
 It gives calm being, love, and *thee*!

It gave yon heaven to us—the right
 In timeless bliss there joined to be!
 Shall it be man's pure bliss to trace,
 Free mortal veil, what wonders grace
 Yon countless globes, unseen and seen?
 Eternal being thro' eternal space
 To bear in bliss? still wandering to glean,
 In raptured hope ne'er failing, bright reward?
 Worlds raised o'er worlds to bless the soul's re-
 gard!

Earth is a drop in ocean of expanse,
 And man buoyed specks that on the globule
 dance!

To Wisdom's mind *this* globe exhaustless teems
 With charm-steep'd beauties and immortal dreams
 Of Mind's e'er-teeming world!—oh! endless bliss
 To soar 'mong myriad worlds, great, wonderful as
 this!"

The tones, the thoughts, the hour, the still

Lone silence, on Clare's spirit dwell,
 Bathed in tears star-lit, in charmed thrill,
 In his stretched arms the soft maid fell;—
 “ When I gaze on yon dim white cliff,
 As we glide, fading from our skiff,
 And the mode of his fate recall—”
 His cheek wanes pale, wild grow his eyes,
 His raised form's shade o'er the deep lies—
 “ (*Him* too shall I meet in heav'n!)
 I seem—to view in moonlight pall,
 I could—fancy—from the waves to rise,
 And—like yon meteor, sweeping even,
 In swiftmess soft of solitude,
 The whole range of the circling skies
 Ere I can speak, 'as if we viewed
 A Time-wreck'd world to ruin driven,
 An eye torn from the face of heaven—
 So swift beneath the stars and moon,
 But—with a less bright hue!—in sleep
 Stalks a vast shadow o'er the deep!

My—father's spirit, Clare!"—"No, no!"
 Imploringly exclaimed the maid,
 And passed her soft palms o'er his brow,
 And on his wild eyes pressed the glow
 Of her rich lips—then 'neath the shade
 Of her long tresses his head laid
 On her care-throbbing breast, and cried
 In tender tones of soothing balm,
 While down its white folds her tears glide,
 And o'er his cheek—"Peace, dearest, peace!
 Oh quick return!"—and he was calm.

Their forms are linked, their lips close grown ;
 They sink into one being ; thrills,
 Extacy sweetly sick distils
 Thro' their tranced forms, their eyes faint down,
 Their souls are mantling to their lips,
 The world is past—those souls are one!
 Love's Heaven its bliss-veiled glory strips
 Whose halos of dim-bliss bright beam

Round their swoon'd souls, in which they dream ;
In slow, fast-failing gasps, their sighs
Are murmur'd—till the last is o'er !
None to lone ocean's now replies,
While like a Spirit's drifts the bark
Far on, more widely far from shore ;
Like fair cloud on the etherial blue,
Till the moon paled, and stars waned dark
From light of morn, while calmly creeps,
Soft like a stream of drifted dew,
A fresh air o'er the horizon's verge,
And, like fair fays or spirits, sweeps
All Night's bright flock with breezy dirge,
And drives the dream-dew which around
The love-blest pair seem'd softly bound ;
Then Rilcar rose—and seized each oar,
And swift while on the danced boat flows,
As Clare's own warm breast heaving rose,
While ripples sung, they near'd the shore—
The youth his calm adieu thus throws—

“Ocean! thou emblem of a mind
Pure, restless, sensitive, perturb’d
By the elements around, cloud, wind;
Tho’ thou to storm may’st rise uncurb’d,
There is e’en then a stillness calm
In thy recess of darkness deep;
An unmoved coldness, a firm balm
On which the settling surge may sleep,
When past the storm which tost it high—
Like refuge of philosophy;
There, tho’ like thee my soul was dark,
There still like thee, ’twas pure, tho’ woe
Of thought might o’er its spirit glow,
As o’er thee ploughs the fierce fire-bark,
Which, when fled past, can leave no mark,
But of light froth a bubbling track,
Brief vanishing as its quick rise,
And all is smooth again; and back
O’er thy calm breast as calmly flies
My gaze in joy, for thine the scene

Where on thy breast in bliss to lean,
 'Twas mine, beloved one!—in charm'd spell
 Like tranced bee's in a fly's bell:—
 Then ocean, *gratefully*, once more farewell!"

Few months have pass'd—and Clare again
 With Expectation's raptured pain
 Flies her lip's honey him to bear,
 Mix'd with her bosom's balm, a feast
 No mortal form but his may share—
 And sip his sigh'd return of love increased.

Oh comes he not!—Clare lists thro' night
 To each leaf's stir, and like slim sprite
 'Neath its moon-deity, strays on,
 And strains her eyes with beams which shone
 Mild, lunar, heavenly!—with watch
 Not keenest sentinel could match,
 What fears, suspense, what breathless dwell
 Of swooning anguish her breast swell,

Sister-nymph, child of Moon and Night,
 Beam-vestured Solitude, oh tell!
 Still he comes not!—her heart, once light
 As day, is dark as day is now,
 All is dark night!—and night made day
 By him, shrouds doubly dark its brow;
 Weeks, months of life's death passed away,
 Swift tears Clare shed while yet Hope's ray
 Thro' Despair's night-cloud strove to glide,
 Till its weak beam was quenched!—then cried,
 “ Oh, agony, he comes no more!”

But she, her Guardian—mimic name!—
 Beheld that in her side Clare bore
 Love's glory—life!—to her—life's shame!
 Falsehood's devoted!—and she drove
 Clare forth and other tale did frame
 To hide her home's disgrace!—to rove
 From her blind wrath the meek maid went,
 But there is refuge for the innocent!

When those who should have cherished, spurn'd,
One of the worms of earth—one deemed
By a false-judging world thus—turned
Her days to Clare's devotion, teemed
Her words with humble sympathy,
While love and gratitude's heart beamed
In each warm tear that dimmed each eye :
For she had cherished e'en when born
Her whom she now would cheer again,
Fair woman or a mother lorn,
And shield her child 'mid woe and pain.
Where stretches far the Isle's shore west,
'Neath the o'erhanging cliff's curved breast,
Screen'd from the world, a sea-girt spot,
Half clay, half cave, rude rose her cot;
The shrine of Peace!—whose humble heart
The Fisher's toil, the breaker's roar,
Broke not, but were her voice and part;
Contentment spoke in each dipp'd oar;
No bitter world, no passions' strife

There bred, but cooled were wounds of life:
But Mind hath its own world, and views
The mazed expanse of universe,
A scene of light which joy imbues,
Or a dark waste to blight and curse,
Whose stars obscured, cloud-palls immerse,
As dews of light, calm, sweet and clear,
Rise from its own bright atmosphere,
Or darkening mists around it roll,
Clouds floating from its own dark soul;
As when o'er earth cold shades are cast—
Its own clouds 'neath the sun hang vast.

'Twas peaceful as 'twas humble, low ;
While the proud cliff that reared afar,
And seemed to spurn earth, sea, and heav'n,
Waged in many a crumbling blow
With lightning, and with blast a war,
By which its pending brow was riven;
While stretching forth into the surge

Rear'd pillared crags, the Needle Rocks, (1)
Which dim Tradition's voice would urge
Are broken links that sole remain
Of England's once connecting chain,
That time and tide have reft in twain :
As unbowed souls, still God-like, high,
'Mid ruin frown in majesty ;
As patriots brave, when death's die's cast,
When weaker hearts have failed and fly,
When war's waves o'er their friends have past,
All slaughtered !—still stand sternly, lone,
Their country's ruin to the last,
And though all hope and help are gone,
To their loved land, till death, hang on !
And, base-worn by the sea-waves' dash,
Crag after crag, with solemn crash,
Bows stately stern in measured fall,
Whose grandeur, dignity appal.
Aye—even that !—beneath whose crush
The shrinking waves wild moaning rush,

Which rioted on each torn base;
As round some tyrant flock crowds dense
When lonely, stripp'd of pomp and place,
And rudely mock his impotence !

But did Clare doubt his faith, and breathe
The murmur, ' Can Woe be a sheath,
Where lurks cold, keen-edged treachery ? '
Hope is the guardian deity,
Who calms suspense's agony ;
Thus Mystery, the sire of woe,
Its power checks, and calms the nerve,
Which in Thought's ordeal would glow,
And Hope can Thought to its will curve,
And Purity's belief is pure ;
Nature to kindred joy will lure ;
One who her bliss can for her bane forego,
Must *know* man villain to believe him so !
Still dreary, tearless, wan, Clare bore
Anguished stupor, till her cheek wore

The upworking fever of her heart ;
Her soul hath swooned—Despair hath thrown
Its stunning thunderbolt—no smart,
Not the *keen* wound of lightning's dart ;
Moveless we view earth's sun sink down ;
Her soul thus saw Hope's light depart,
Eclipsed in night cold, starless dense,
A cloud-wrapt gloom of life and sense!
The keenest steel's wound pangs the least,
Its deepest plunge least blood will draw,
It sheathes its cold edge in a charm
Of smoothness like its grasper's breast,
But there will yet come torture's claw,
And there *will* flow the life-blood warm!

But, with her banished home, to leave
Harold her cousin, young, must grieve
Clare's yearning heart—the boy with eye
Of dark bright blue, which dimpled free,
In joy's sunlight and revelry,

Of mirth exuberant, and cry
 Of jesting laugh, and question keen,
 And mockery sly of tales to screen
 Facts by quaint fable, and evade
 Reply due to his query made :
 He seemed to revel in life's joys,
 Free from care's damp, and all annoys ;
 While through his radiant, dimpling cheek
 The rich blood thrill'd in ruby glow,
 As if health's tale of life to speak,
 There mirrored, or some rose did throw
 Its blush, hung o'er the lake below.
 Oh ! he was one with pride to thrill
 His mother's, sire's raptured heart,
 Which watches, lives in each act, will,
 With ardent sympathy,—who start
 With anguished fear aghast, to view
 In vital peril—while with joy
 Of pastime wild—their darling boy
 Of dauntless daring ; or whose eyes

Glisten with mingled joy, pride, love,
 In *his* delight, as chainless flies
 His hair's gold stream, in luxury
 Which nature curling bade to rove
 Down his fair back of polished white ;
 While gallant bearing, and the high
 Glance of proud candor, truth's ray bright,
 Beam'd through his form such quenchless light,
 He looked the fabled God of Love !
 And to his parents' world-clipt wing
 Of narrow soul, as aspiring,
 By noble mien, the moral truth to prove,
 That truth from falsehood, good from ill, oft spring.

The death-like thrills of gloom, precede
 Storms that shall o'er Clare's spirit rage,
 And overwhelm its world—as calms presage
 Dark, ominous, earth's storms they breed !

CANTO III.

Væcris hath ocean-boundaries, and shores,
Which greet him who its varied scenes explores,
With a stern nature's wildness, which might be
A signal 'tis the island of the free !
But to its south coast all around are tame,
The wildest scene of Nature's melodrame !
Who there dark revelling in grandeur mad,
Seems like rude Freedom as her savage clad :
When is beheld each sea's rush o'er that strand,
Like sweeping whirlwinds o'er Zahara's sand ;
That restless, storm-toss'd, wide, devouring deep
From searchless caverns roaring with mad leap,

Which thro' long ages has raved and will rave,
 Like foaming wild beast from its death-strewed
 cave,

With beach down-shot in hidden precipice,
 Like treachery, to rock-set, dark abyss,
 All seems hath Rilcar thought with scene-sway'd
 eye,

Time's tide o'er fathomless Eternity !

How many a ship, of human art the pride,
 Which, as self vain, as proudly swept the tide,
 Like storm-burst bombshell o'er Chale Bay is
 hurl'd,

When the storm-fiend his black sail has unfurl'd,
 Oh ! mightiest pirate of the ocean-world !
 Foe of all lands, of dreadest fleets the dread,
 What braves *thy* cannon's thunder, lightning red !
 Thou lay'st thy snares—rocks, calms, and whirl-
 pools vast,

Then from thy night cloud view'st lured each
wing'd mast;—

Ocean up-torn—a hell to heaven is cast!—
Crash!—and those crags upon a wreck have fed!
Shriek!—virtue, vice—man, maid, are with the
dead!

How many rovers, whom long, sea, and skies,—
All but their native earth have met their eyes,
For whom, thro' months, no sun o'er hills, beam-
swept,

Rose grand, or sunk, but in the waves has slept;
And in the mild moon oft has seem'd again
To rise beam-shorn, and cooled pale in the main;
What hearts, whose hope glow'd as their home
rose fair,

Have learned how close that hope waits on Despair!
Whose rock-rife jaws, dark crouch'd the waves
beneath,

When life throbs deepest, doom that life to death!

What thrilling forms who hailed that friend-filled
shore,

Clasp'd by the wave, shall clasp those friends no
more !

Wearied by absence, filled with that life-zest,
Home's rest have sought, and found — eternal
rest !

Oh ! it is grief to watch some deep-lov'd form,
Each youthful beauty—each angelic charm,
Sink on death's bed, and calmly fleet away ;
Withered each grace, and dimm'd the eye's bright
ray,—

Alas, too bright !—and with its light sink down
Long cherished hopes, and joy from love long
grown ;

To hear “ *Farewell!* ” low gasp'd in breathless
pain,

Warning *fare well* thou never shalt again ;
While clasp'd thy hands, and eyes weep agony,

Raised to that heav'n—where she too soon shall be!
 To view the Future's far sky o'er life's tide,
 Bright with hope's rays, cast from thy sun and
 guide,

Darken to night!—and all its radiant glow
 Fade with that sun from whom its bright hues
 flow,

And to thy rack'd sight, sink life's tide below!
 Or, with the failing cadence of that tone,
 Feel dead life's tone, and all its music gone;
 Which lured coy Joy to string the harp of Thought,
 On whose chords damp clouds of despair have
 wrought,

But in sad solace for that care's death birth,
 Made it the last that each *can* feel on earth!

But there's a deeper hell, a deadlier wrench
 Of thy heart-nerve—of woe a bitterer drench,
 When thou, whom night on night, and darker
 day,

Hope, Fear, Anxiety had made their prey,
 For friends returning o'er the life-fed deep,
Feel'st, while night's black mass seems the storm
 to steep,

While at thy beach-borne feet the torn waves
 roar,

Thy soul the wail of sinking woman gore!
 Some dear-loved voice thoud'st prayed to hear
 again

Breathing warm joy, first raised to shriek in pain!
 Faint, like some spirit's, heaved in horror fierce!
 Thro' thee, and mocking storm how keenly pierce!
 While, groping dark with darker soul, no aid
 Thou canst to cries, sharp as each lightning blade,
 Curdling thy heart, and drawing up the pall,
 Which, Death's own veil, denotes and hangs
 o'er all,

Exposing some bare, delicate white form,
 Convulsed each limb, and tempest-scourg'd each
 charm,

Writhing and sinking in the ocean's storm !
 A mother, sister, mistress, with wild yell,
 Like some lost spirit in the gulf of hell !
 Flash !—and the horrible dark horrors close,
 As if the death which that flashed lunge bestows,
 When in the crisis, swiftly as thy glance,
 The tragic scene is veil'd to thy stunn'd trance
 By magic wand of night, which darkly tells—
Shewn, when again flash'd o'er *bare* ocean swells—
 While death's shriek plains life's dirge with stifling
 breath—
 Light was for life, and darkness is for death !

Such, oft as Winter o'er the isle bears sway,
 Is some dread scene that horrifies Chale Bay ;
 There in the cliff that o'er high tides rears tall,
 Of Nature's island battlements a wall,
 In a ridged, massive curve, mould, crag, combine,
 And raise the dark-jawed chasm, Black Gang
 Chine ; (2)

O'er whose rough brow, as chrystal streamlets
flow,

Like stalactites, and merge in waves below ;
They seem'd, to Rilcar's pensive mood of soul,
Affliction's tears, which from the stern brow roll ;
Swelling e'en more with human grief Time's tide ;
For where chaotic crags the beach now hide,
Was once a cavern depth, beneath the cliff,
Whence the rude village smuggler shot his skiff,
A bandit gang, by Superstition made,
Who spread o'er Ignorance an owlet shade.
Rilcar, a wanderer, had to this spot roved,
These simple sons of Nature saw and loved ;
Whom his commanding mien and eye, awed kept,
For thanks they blest him, and his woes they wept ;
The desert misery of his waning eye,
His restless mood, absorbed, but kind reply,
His muttering lips, and soul-heaved, groaning
sigh !

E'er pleased with their rude home, and ruder fare,

Careless of all he seemed—o'erwhelm'd by care !
 No loud complaint, no scorn, but mystery
 Shadow'd his path, and bade them warmly sigh,
 ' Alas, poor gentleman!'—as wandering by,
 They knew him wretched! but he would awake
 From his lock'd trance, when thro' the deep did
 break

Their flying bark, and stamp with folded arms,
 Smile, quickly pace, and his eye beam with charms
 Of Joy's sad mockery, as bitter ton'd,
 "Ha, ha!" he cried, while o'er the waves they
 bound ;

Then, sudden, sunk in silent gloom he stood,
 And muttered dark, and hence they thought his mood
 Told of dark deeds, or that a mortal frame
 Concealed some Power of more than mortal name!
 But, as e'er is, when first with gentle sway
 Of reason's voice he ruled—that pass'd away !
 Yes! thoughts of horror fled Clare's eye's pure ray,
 Like fiends of darkness at the light of day,

But woe with joy strove, her form's charm away ;
 He watched their toil, moved with them sea and
 land,

Unnamed, employless,—yet raised he his hand,
 Or voice, their sacred law was the command !
 Oft at their weird tales tears his eyes would drown,
 To weep at others' woe beguiled his own ;
 How that thro' midnight's roar would shipwreck'd
 cry,

Far shuddering come, and then—for ever die !
 Or forms their toil the surge bore through to land,
 Arm-clasped in death expired upon the strand !
 Ne'er shared he in their traffic, sea or shore,
 But to their marvelling brains was counsellor,
 With wond'rous wisdom in each doubt and dread ;
 For this they loved him, and for this obey'd,
 By this he ruled them—him they shelter'd, fed !

There is fatality in human joy,
 Woe is its tomb—the child of earth's alloy !

Pleasure to pain, and pain to pleasure lead,
 From the same cause reverse effects proceed :
 As heavenly rays can earth half heavenly make,
 And light and half life's happiness awake ;
 Yet the same sun will rouse the mild gale's breath,
 To fiend-wing'd storms and hurricanes of death.(3)
 That sun, who from his god-throne can decree
 Life to the bud, and verdure to the lea,
 Bids the simoom, to earth, bud, flower, cast,
 And the same land he blest decrees to blast!
 E'en he whom, wandering like incarnate Woe,
 In Love's dream Joy found, and assuaged each
 blow ;

Yet are there hours his very Love's excess
 Wilders his thoughts and mars his happiness!
 Is not thy shadow darkest when the light
 Of heaven's sun flows most intensely bright ?

"Oh! can it be that I, whom blasts
 Of woe and anguish, a tossed wreck,

Once ruthless shattered—love o'ercasts
With beams of bliss, not death can check,
Nor quench in darkness ; but to soar
With our freed souls—blest evermore !
Our souls !—oh, too blest to think
Where Clare goes I go ! and a link
Of spirit whelms us when all earth
Has passed, and memory, e'en of pangs,
Has faded with their scene of birth !
And this my balm, when darkly hangs
Death's present cloud of future fate,
Roused by deep love's wild, fearful weight
Of quick care, lest one pang's shade dull
Her eyes light, who my pangs could lull ;
The young, the bright, the beautiful !
That breast which on my throbbing own,
The silk-soft vesture of this heart,
In the clothing of its loveliness
So soft, that it seemed melting down
Into the heart, its warm heaves bless,

In exquisite deliciousness!

While, like stars fainting thro' the mists' thin
maze,

A blissful dream swims in her eyes' soft haze—

Aught than that bosom e'er should be!

And *such* a change!—death's dust—to thee!

Horrible!—nay 'tis a mad thought!

She'll soar—soar like a spirit caught

Aloft on ether's wing, so slight

Her fairy form, so buoyant, light—

Moonbeams would bear it!—lovely dream!

Like heaven's light centred in one beam!

The triumph of almighty plan—

A Spirit visible to man!"

Thus would he rave, his soul to cheer,

And man defiance,—thus whene'er

From Clare an hour reft, and the thrills

Of joy her presence e'er instils,

Were fading from his throbbing brain,

And his soul's innate gloom again—
 Which youthful culture nature made,
 And nerve o'er sensitive and sore—
 Woe's fitful thoughts in force arrayed,
 From rapture bright to rack'd heart core.

Then would he fly to Clare, and clasp
 Her form with trembling frame convulsed,
 And cry "Oh, God! ne'er from this grasp,
 But with the life she saved be riven,
 One who my soul's dark death repulsed—
 If I lose her—oh! I lose Heaven!"

But wandering near his men—yea, his,
 For Reason, magnet of the world
 Of mind and action, o'er the abyss
 Of Time's tide guides life's bark, else hurl'd
 To pathless wastes, and thus controls—
 One mind of moral might—dark souls,
 In crews or crowds, as ruling pass

One gale's tones o'er the wave-bowed grass,
Where cloud-shades swift from bright rays fade.

In close, low converse these men made
Conjecture, deep, dark, doubting, whence
Bones bleached and human, which strew'd laid
On a far isle's shore, rarely touched
By aught save corsair, smuggler!—hence
They deem'd cold murder done, and vouched
The tainted spot to tread no more;
And Rilcar heard! fresh wounds they tore!
And the dark flood of pain, which drench'd
His being past, now stifling, rush'd
O'er his soul's dizzy sight, and quench'd
Its floating light, and torrents gush'd
Of passion tow'ring—and abyss
Of whelming depth of woe present
And sweep out—and the precipice
Edged o'er, his spirit's bark is spent
In rockings horrible, which threat

To sweep into the whirlpool bowl,
 Like crag down cataract, or set
 In stern resolve, and calm of soul,
 If Reason may the helm controul.

But, like the death-sleep of the Dane,*
 Those words a venom seem'd to instil ;
 An unforeseen, presageless bane
 Thro' ear and vein—with curdling thrill,
 Poisoning the life of hopes new wove,
 While sleeping in a dream of love !
 He groaned in shuddering inward tones,
 “ It is !—they are !—my father's bones ! ”
 While each limb shook—he staggering turn'd,
 And rushed forth hurriedly—then stay'd
 His outward agony, tho' burned
 His inward life, and coolly bade
 The bark again the surge to plough,
 And his thought's storm-flood battled now,
 In mind absorb'd by impulse hot,

* Hamlet's Father.

Thus, viper-like, revived, and all—
 All—even she, *the one*, forgot
 In his whelm'd brain, as swift he leaps
 On deck, and bids, with hand-rais'd call,
 The helmsman speed, while wond'ring keeps
 On him each stare ; to think that he,
 Who of all worldly charge and care
 Seemed thoughtless and estranged to be,
 By inward thought, should, stranger still !—
 As tho' he woke from dream'd despair
 To truth-fill'd hope, to yet fulfil,
 By solving plan of sudden thought,
 Some long-weigh'd wish with hardship fraught,—
 Start up to guide, with eager force,
 The bark, which late, whate'er its course,
 Could guide *his* aimless path and will !

But the smooth deep, like friend smooth-eyed,
 To whom in faith we did confide
 Some secret dark, which life, death seals,

When friend no more, and enmity
 Rankles to heal by injury—
 The deep, when roused to storm, reveals
 The forms while calm it deep conceals.

And Rilcar flies, to surer grave
 To trust his parent's bones, and save
 The thought, that scattered and untomb'd,
 On the spot where to death *he* doom'd,
 A father's bones should bleach, and be
 The sport of waves—oh agony !

This sacred duty—this alone
 Absorb'd each thought, and shook life's tone.

Where mind rules mould, keen joy, or woe,
 Pain, pleasure,—temper life's deep flow,
 From mind's own inward thought,—as they
 Of earthlier sense feel thro' the tone
 Of whole existence, the dull sway

Of mortal frame—earth's pulse alone.
 Though Age to-day may e'en forget
 The tale of yesternight—Time's waves
 On Youth's impressible warm clay—
 Like ocean's o'er the rock while yet
 Soft mould, have sunk their essence deep, hard-set
 In Age's stone—the flood which laves
 Dim impress scarce can leave, while tracks
 On the young mould left, petrify
 In stamp defaceless, and defy
 The storm and roar of Time's attacks.
 Memory reflects, in undimm'd glass,
 Youth's features, tastes, whose *whole* traits pass
 But with the wreck'd scene of their birth :
 Indelible the deep wound's scar
 On Rilcar's soul, while link'd to earth,
 Tho' heal'd by Clare, his orient star ;
 Too deep were woe's hues on his soul,
 To flee, though fade, but round it roll,
 As the cloud clogs the light'ning's span.

And Clare exists a mother,—blest,
Tho' blasted by a linked behest
Of faith and falsehood—violet lone,
That in the desert, on the moan
Of sorrow's weeping gales, sweet spread
Its spirit's odour, and sad shed
A bud, to soothe its solitude,
With her own lovely life imbued.
Tears, the smiles of Melancholy,
Though there be hours of agony
She cannot weep, relieve the swoon
Of heart, when on her arm-clasp'd child,
On the crag seated, eve or noon,
Clare gazed with weeping love, and mild
These sweet sad tones of sorrow guiled
Her bleeding heart, as o'er the waste
Of ocean's smooth eternity,
Her eyes, tear-melted, dim are cast,
Then on her babe poured, moans her sigh.

“ Oh, shadow of thy parent, and the past !
Soul of my being! who renewed
With thy birth hope's life, and imbued
This fading form with vital nerve ;
Image of one, soul lov'd and lost !
Thou, as I gaze on thee, dost serve
To rouse reflection, of dreams crost
By forms of joy, which memory throws,
Recurring on the mental sight ;
Thou art the embodied joy whose light
Past days of hope did promise—glows
Now realized, but bathed in night,
And dew of sorrow, as the blight
Round the dimm'd star in dense mist flows.
Bud of the desert!—but for thee,
To watch thy spring, to nurture, nurse,
Ere this had ceased all agony,
Which still does this lorn bosom curse.
Oh, ocean ! smiling sweetly calm,
Which but that one salve can assuage
The wounds in this rent breast that rage—

The breathless press of it to *me*!—
 Might heal it with thy murmured balm,
 Warm with the genial cheering sun ;
 Will not thy beaming blissful breast,
 In scaly mail of glittering joy,
 In heaves and folds of luxury,
 As mine once in love's beams was blest,—
 Reveal, to ease this dead alloy
 Of loveless, lifeless widowhood,
 Its purgatory when to end ?
 Oh ! did he bound o'er thy smooth flood ?
 Or—now thou seem'st a smile to send
 Of curdling scorn, thou foe-lurked friend ?
 Did he trust *thee*, and trust his tomb ?
 Oh ! in thy all-devouring womb
 Lies my e'er-lost adored ? Ah ! nay,
 It cannot—could not be ! that were
 Too deadly horrible ! Then why,
 E'en as I wished it so, will stray
 My wildering brain to such a fear ?

Oh ! rather hope, pray, *think*—yes, cry
 In blest assurance ; yet will fly
 My soul's light to this breast once more !
 Our life was a light-stream, where Love,
 Like a fair soft-eyed fawn, did pour
 Its mirror'd shade—a stream which drove
 More softly-smooth as nearer borne
 Fate's precipice—one moment this ;
 The next—so link'd are sorrow, bliss !
 Dash'd foaming, boiling, turbid, torn !
 Or, like meteor, cast up the abyss
 Of bright gemm'd night of earth, which soars
 Higher from ground the nearer doom'd
 To be dash'd to it—on it pours !
 It halts—it bursts—it falls !—entombed
 In the dark waste its own light lit !
 This sever'd fate, this blighting blast
 Of woe, came sudden, as the fast
 Shock of the whirlwind's storm,—when smit
 And scorch'd each flower exposed to inhale

The blue sky's breath of calm—without
To herald its approach one cloud ! ”

'Mid tones sad, sweet as those from out
The syren's sea-lute, thrill the gale,
With wan cheek, lip, and swoln eye, bow'd
O'er her sole solace at her breast,
Which drained its balmy nourishment,
Or slept in calm, full, blessed rest,
Her tears of dew-soft grief are spent !

There is a trance in gazing on the charms
Of virgin beauty's glowing life,
The rich thrill that her cheeks, eyes, warms,
The rapture of her heav'd breast's strife
Of blushing modesty, pride, love,—
But there's a holier being, pride,
In her fix'd there, with white bare breast—
A mother and her babe!—to move
Him who reflects, his heart to guide,

Ere *memory* there such *he* was prest ;
We know that she hath suffered, blest !
There lies her blessing's pledge—she lives
In gazing there, as if heaved forth
With it the essence of her soul,
The essence of her life she gives
To feed that thing best loved on earth,
As if warm throbs of love's control
Have melted to those lacteal springs,
Her breast's own white mould soft, when flows
As white the nurture her babe wrings ;
There is the delicate white rose,
'Neath dew of pensive tenderness
In her mild eye, o'er each calm charm,
Mellow'd by suffering's distress,
A mother's lunar loveliness,
A moon-beam beauty soft, a warm
Dream of soul's light round, as if waste
Of frame had caused through its thinn'd veil

The spirit more bright to be cast,
In purer purity beamed pale !

But, thrilling hope! in the dear grove,
The blest scene of their blissful love,
Rilcar return'd may seek his Clare !
She'll haste, oh ! fly, to meet him there !
His babe raise up in all her charms,
Their centred life ! to fill his arms,
And view his joy in glorying pride !
" Oh ! 'tis a weary way," has cried
Clare's humble friend,—but naught can guide
Her thoughts, steps, but the hope, and path
That leads—or with each fast tread hath
A favoring thought which tells, *assures*,
That to her Rilcar it *will* lead,
And gives each hurrying step fresh speed.

The scene which sudden thus allures,
Where once the fairy queen she reigned

In love and beauty's innocence,
 With fevered, throbbing hope is gained,
 Sick fear, and agonized suspense ;
 All bloom'd the same, tho' wandering wild,
 As when o'er all her love-form smiled ;
 Each bower, moss-seat, thicket, grot,
 Each of past love the once blest spot,
 Her eager, straining eye, explores ;
 'Tis vain ! the glen no joy restores !
 'Twas a cruel thought that gave hope's dream,
 A meteor false that lured astray,
 O'er woe's chill swamp, and seemed the ray
 Of truth's joy, flash'd o'er life's fleet stream ;
 And now the unnatural strength, bestow'd
 By hope's excitement, with it sinks
 To faint exhaustion, with a load
 Of gloom on her spent being's links,
 As far below as late above ;
 Down, deeply dark !—past life's hope, love !
 E'en for the hours, with soulless eyes,

Clare gazed where 'neath the cool shade lies
 Her soul's last hope—her babe in sleep;
 Till her steeped apathy, cold chills
 (Hot haste's effects) arouse from sleep,
 As o'er her frame like Fear they creep;
 "Once, more sweet fount," she cried, "thy rill's
 Soft melody shall these limbs steep
 In lucid chrystal, and revive
 Their faded life, for thou alone
 In sad, kind murmurs seem'st to moan
 One who in this retreat to live
 And love, found blessedness—now flown!"

In the close thicket's screen, concealed
 From view beyond its verdant shield,
 Her delicate bared form Clare laves,
 Like water-lily, water-nymph,
 While kisses round the embracing lymph,
 And swells and spreads in circling waves,

As if the magic circle swept
 By her form's wand of charm:—then calm
 In soul and nerve, quick robed she leapt
 To clasp her—why flies o'er her, qualm
 Of sick affright?—her child—her child!
 To clasp her child?—no! hurrying wild
 In agony, such as that which tears,
 When treachery, treason's sense—e'en scent,
 Chill crawls through heart, and veins, and hairs
 Stand stark with horror! Wild cries rent
 The air, as breathless round Clare flew,
 Till to the spot returned, whence gone,
 'Neath o'erhung myrtle laid alone,
 Her darling babe—strength can no more—
 This is too horrible!—one shriek
 Of horror agonized—one streak
 Of frenzy from her eyes aghast—
 "Oh, God! my child!"—the strife is o'er,
 The swoon of mercy is o'er—

Sunk prostrate, senseless—rack'd no more !
 Oh! that it were for ever!—better far
 The frame should fall to chaos than
 The mind immortal—and with breath
 Of earth be doomed to fiend-like war ;
 For the soul's life is this form's death ;
 But when Clare woke, the scene to scan,
 In all life's ghastly agony,
 Her eye was fix'd, dead, coldly stiff,
 On her poor faithful friend's drown'd eye,
 In whose fond arms her wan'd charms lie,
 In the lone cot beneath the cliff.

Nay, Clare is happy!—childless, lone!
 For gone woes cause—her reason gone!
 Nay, it still sleeps in swoon,—a deep
 Stunn'd wrecking of existence!—breed
 The while, like fever born 'mid sleep,
 The throes whose gulf-brain, soul, shall steep.

The death-like thrills of gloom precede
Storms that shall o'er her spirit rage,
And overwhelm its world—as calms presage
Dark, ominous, earth-storms they breed!

CANTO IV.

LONG years, the waves of time, have rolled,
And left their tide-marks—wrinkles on each brow :
And Harold, ripe in man's best mould,
Youth's best hopes in his full blood glow,
Confirm'd in beauty's strength—the rule
Of generous impulse, passion, thought,
Joy felt for joy, the tear for woe ;
His heart his Mentor, and each fool,
With bigotry false, callous, fraught,
The world's tame slave, whose laws control
Each action by its censure's fear,
To reason's voice opposed howe'er,

His pity, loathing scorn's keen view ;
 The patriot, and the hero's soul,
 In his young blood's swift-thrilling trance,
 Glow'd with a flame of wild romance ;
 So dauntless, quick, he seem'd one, who,
 To guard his land's rights, freedom, strong,
 Or Woman's name revered from wrong,
 If Satan on Hell's brink should stand,
 And dare him with a fiend-flamed brand,
 Would spring on him by instinct's spur,
 Like Vengeance on its injurer !

To arms was Harold trained from youth ;
 But, with too pure a mind to draw
 The sword of aught but Freedom, Truth,
 He spurned the martial slavery's law,
 Which bids pursue where Justice leads,
 Or Tyranny ; deprived of choice,
 Which cause against or for he bleeds ;
 By oath stripp'd of recusant voice !

Foul, Harold deem'd it, to deprave
 Freedom's pure cause with service sold ;
 That Freedom's guard should be a slave,
 Or e'er her rights should they uphold,
 Who flush for glory, but who fight for gold.

Oh! oft thro' childhood's verdant spring,
 Had Harold mourned the cousin gone,
 Whose fond caress and gentle tone
 A bright joy to his face could bring,
 Like soft rays on the young bud shed,
 Whose love and kind heart once had made
 His playmate, and the love which spread
 For Clare through his child's heart, and bade
 Him feel her dearest of all dear.
 Oh! who could view that blest sweet face,
 Each gesture's elegance, light grace,
 That beauteous innocence, nor rear
 Within his inmost soul a place—
 A shrine of love, so noly, pure,

There e'en her image might reside,
And reign eternal, and the sear
And wither'd heart might peace allure,
And fresh might throb in verdant pride,
By her eyes' dewy light of morn!
And Harold, when he made, forlorn,
Repeated questionings through youth,
When would return his childhood's friend,
Received rebuke, and aught but truth,
And frowned on, bade to ask no more ;
Long this his little heart did rend,
And mourning tears had oft run o'er
The boy of beauty's rosy cheek,
Too bright, too pure to leave a stain,
Or, like Youth's self, to long remain :
Like chrystal dew-drop on the rose,
In spring-tide's morn of sunny streak,
Which briefly clings, and when it flows
Leaves no damp trace, or sign which shows

Its diamond gem was there e'er set,
Or tear that bright rose ever wet !

Sleep's dreams, the realized Ideal,
Day-dreams the ideal of the Real,
The imaged impress each of each,
Sway his young manhood—where fine Mind
Does mortal being whelm, o'er-reach ;
And Love, Youth's own wild day-dream, pined,
To Nature true, for the bright Real,
In some pure, lovely, ne'er-found form
Of Woman, filled with each rare charm,
His soul had viewed in her Ideal ;
Till, while still Night's black clouds all steep,
Starting from slumberings, murmured o'er,
This vivid vision of his sleep
In wild rapt words he forth did pour:—

“ In beams I dreaming slumber'd,
My soul's free vision blest

With a Phantasm which—encumber'd
By earth's sense—is ne'er possest.

There *was*—I knew not whither,
I saw not whence it came,
A being to whom would wither
The fairest of female frame.

Yet like to mortal maid's form
But immortally purified,
A visible Spirit of charm,
A Soul to pure substance allied.

She leaped on a rich veined steed,
Which was, than its earthly kind,
As nobler in form and speed
As its rider than maids assigned
To emparadise dark earth ;—
I saw her not touch the ground,
But shoot as the lightning forth,
And alight on the bare steed—bound

Were her soft round limbs in veil,
Round their tender elegance,
Of the downy fibres which sail
In morn on the dewy expanse :

Not the limbs of the light gazelle,
Not the grace of that sylph-formed roe,
In such tapering loveliness swell,
As their sculptured fairy-traced flow,

With nectareous aqueducts veined,
In fine-branching blue thread-clouds,
Like streaks with which eve's sky is stained,
Condensed in those snowy abodes :

Her hair's luxury flow'd o'er milk,
O'er the bliss of her shoulders and breast,
In chainless soft curls of jet silk,
Like wild Fancies Youth's white soul have blest !

Her eyes were bliss-beaming souls,
Her lips sigh'd unearthly love,

A lily—her bare arm—controls
The proud steed, with rein spirit-wove.

They seemed a Pageant to pass
Such as things which never but—*seem*,
She was *like*—only that which she *was*—
The spiritual form of a dream !

As if the flesh-cloud from the eye
Of our souls with flesh-sense were riven,
And we viewed far floating on high
The beings inhabiting Heaven !

On the instant her steed she cross'd,
Ere rested her white floating limbs,
The charm-burthened courser high tost
His curved neck, and Heaven's space climbs ;

His eyes flashed flames of pure light,
Beaming far thro' the trackless way,
He revelled in bliss 'neath her weight,
As if its soft touch shot a ray

Of thrilling joy through his rich blood ;
 His springing joints' over-bound check'd
 And stay'd down in due motion's mood,
 By the Love-form his sleek back deck'd.

She turn'd her brows' dewy souls
 On me as they fled afar,
 While one hand on his proud neck lolls,
 Seen dim and more dim till—a star !

At the touch still fleeter he wends,
 The other waved from her lip's play,
 With ineffable grace she bends—
 ' Adieu!—and for ever!—Away ! '

Thus seem'd the dim blest Form to breathe,
 And her wild steed to mean—' ha, ha !
 I am winged free of all beneath,
 I scent Heaven's throne *light* afar ! '

And *I*?—my soul heaved to follow !
 But an earth-nerve strained with a pang,

Cold darkness and substance swallow
The scene where all float and hang !

To stunn'd being—night's abyss,
To woe-fraught, blank realities,
To Life's dream from dream of bliss,
From the soul's sight to earthly eyes !

And now an exhausted, sunk sense
Of being, told rapture *had* glowed,
As the stilly gloom, sullen, dense,
Of Night when the flash *has* flowed !

Oh, visioned maid !—loved of the soul !
As earth's forms adored of the heart,
Thou wast as man's hopes at the goal,
They lure—we are blest ! nay, we part !

Thou wast as happiness, joy,
As all things refined more than earth,
They lead to—tears,—leave an alloy,
Their being alone roused to birth !

But yet blessed Form thro' earth's night,

Shall Memory's pleasures remain—

I've seen what naught human can write !

Hope's pleasures that our souls meet again,

When like thee I Infinity soar,

Our life in one spirit allied,

Oh ! night of my dream's visioned lore !

In one blest dream in Heaven's noon-tide ! ”

But now in manhood, musing, lone,

Down the green valley wandering gone,

He thought of Days past by, and tho'

Doomed in life's forms to ne'er return,

Memory, the seer, he bade unurn

Their wither'd ghosts, to summoned go

In phantoms dim before his brain,

And their each hour expose again,

Which 'neath Time's hand had perished not,

And bare their hues of joy or pain.

Through childhood Joy's he knew that spot,

But sure, if lone, joy ne'er could reign ?—

But gathering mists dim all, then hide,
And hang a cloud o'er his past lot,
Each moment's thought more darkly deep,
Till muttering thunders tell they guide
To light which flashes o'er his mind,
Remembrance' beam—which bids him leap
With dazzled brain, whence late reclined,
And the thought which thro' thoughtless youth,
Through boyhood's sport-filled hours, was lost,
And parent-frown had hushed, now crost
His path of thought, in full force, truth,
With a dark horrible suspense!
With wild voice, stare, he rush'd forth thence
To his bent mother's side, on whom
Old Age—Death's herald, pioneer,
Chooser of prey—his hoary doom,
Life's withered waste of frost's reign drear,
Had set—but he still made life dear,
Who breathless now cried—"Where, oh, where!
Oh! what the fate—the home of Clare?"

As blast to bud—as cloud to light,
 As frost to spring—to day as night,
 As woe to joy—to hope, despair,
 As death to life—as pest to air,
 Poison to health—as hell to heaven,
 Was to his soul the dark tale given,
 Its canker, blain!—so coldly told,
 In heartless apathy—to *him*
 Whose tears, whose blood burn'd to the brim
 Of his torn heart, and eyes glazed cold!
 Told without one emotion, tear!
 One conscience-stricken pause, shame, fear!
 E'en by his parent, honored, loved!
 A sister's child cast out—unmoved!
 And oh! when asked if known her fate,
 In thoughtless, careless tone told—No!
 She, his fair cousin!—who, elate
 In youth, and hope's elastic glow
 Of lovely life, so light did move.
 In time that *was*—incarnate Love!
 As once the personation, mould

In human form, of Joys that flit
 O'er life's path, clothed in self-beam'd light,
 Then fleet away through darkness cold,
 As if we solved some dream, whose fit
 Of rapture shewed a phantom bright ;
 And now Clare seem'd the vanished sprite,
 Of dim-remember'd trance recalled :
 A form, though now phantasmal proved,
 Whom hope or fancy then deemed real ;
 And that long years had passed, deep galled,
 His soul to hopeless anguish moved,
 And whelmed despair, to now repeal
 Clare's wrongs, and darkest, deepest ill,
 Too late to avert, his rack'd brain fill.
 " Oh, my cruel parent ! " Harold said,
 In woe's reproach—" was it for this
 Her mother on death's sacred bed
 Charged thee, when death's last sacred kiss
 Sealed Clare an orphan,—to replace
 Her to that orphan babe, whose face
 E'en smiled e'en then !—so helpless, last

To truth's too sad perception, thought,
Ay, even *then*, when doubly crost
Her entrance o'er life's threshold, fraught
With Woe's dark form and darker shade,
Prophetic of the future,—then,
When of a blessing parent reft,
When to a blasting guardian left!
Oh, mockery!—who mockery made
Of sacred trust, and rent with pain,
When needed most that kindness vowed,
Her who alone had left for friend
That one who proved her foe, and bow'd,
Rather than a bad world offend,
To do a deed of hell! each fiend
Of which would haunt curs'd life for—but
The world's ordeal 'gainst them is proof,
And in cold stone or steel can shut
The heart it wither'd!—but oh, think!
How know you but some form, whose roof
Was heaven, and earth its couch, who craved
Your passing pity on the brink

Of starving death—the which to avoid,
 Nature's abortion she was made,
 And woe sought that 'mong the depraved,
 The scum toss'd on the world's foul tide,—
 In loathly agony, that shade
 Of bare existence, else denied !
 Yes ! think some form that passed thee by,
 Whose touch thou deem'dst pollution, *thou*
 Didst make the thing thou thus didst fly !
 That theme for scorn thou didst bestow !
 That outcast on the world—by *thee*
 Was first outcast—was doom'd to be
 The thing become !—aye ! e'en her lot,
 Her form before thee, or by past,
 Thy sister's child ! so changed—forgot
 E'en by a guilty conscience !—clothed
 In tattered vesture—wan, aghast !
 Oh, horror, horror !—monstrous, loathed !
 Oh ! I would hope her mother's soul—
 Dear as thought of such power oft is—

Can view not her child's wrongs, distress,
 For e'en Heaven's rest of blessedness
 Sure it would blast—and quench its bliss!
 Or now may both there rest in peace!
 'Tis mine to search through this wide world,
 Haunting it like unearthly ghost,
 To earth's due thoughts so strange and lost!
 With restless wanderings ne'er to cease,
 Till death or dear success has furl'd
 My flight's wide wing—till then, farewell!"
 "There was a babe in Clare's dell found,
 Snatched from us when—" He heard no sound
 As by resistless force on hurl'd,
 Rushed Harold forth—for as a knell
 His words had rung through her wrung breast,
 Whose heart innate remorse confest,
 Made voiceless at the voice of truth,
 In the appeal of that loved youth.
 A secret sympathy involves
 And links creation—Nature's whole,

The universe and man's resolves
Have mutual influence, control ;
And Harold, when swift gained the brink
Of ocean, felt as at his feet
In bounds unpassed its struggling beat,
A like check to his passion's tide,
A nerve-arrest, which claimed to think,
Ere man embark on any cause
That reason, and not passion's laws,
Should dictate, and his course should guide,
And for its voice demands a pause ;
Then shot remembrance with keen thrill,
While leapt his startled heart—his vow
Was given, his might he would bestow
In Freedom's cause, to guard from ill
His native isle, which Gaul's bands threat,
Hovering in ships the coast around,
For plunder, capture, to beset,
The band to join, his honor bound,
Who like the forest's leaves wide cast,

Storm's sudden gust a heap has swept,
 Had gathered at the trumpet's blast,
 Of the Isle's chieftain, Worsley,—stept
 From their homes wide spread, to maintain
 Those homes, beneath his banner led,
 And drive the foe back to the main.

What!—shall he *now* depart? shall they
 His comrade islemen their blood shed,
 And *he* be absent?—sped away,
Then, who in danger's *absence* trod
 His native Isle's romantic sod?
 Desert his parent's home?—shall faith,
 Shall honor,—nay, but—anguished thought!
 Shall injured Clare then be forgot?
 Oh! rending conflict!—a shunned path,
 Yawns dark his brain's thought-stream, between,
 Each flood rolls shrinking back—then meet
 In clashing rush those warring tides,
 In whirlpool giddy, and a keen
 Brain-rack makes reel calm reason's seat,

Till one thought's blow stems all, all guides ;
What ! be a coward deem'd ?—he turn'd
In quick wrath, as if goaded, mocked,
By the small tone of Hate's cold jeer,
As if the insulter near he burn'd
To crush beneath his tread, but locked
In his own heart the curseful sneer.
From his deep reverie he turned
To lapse in one anew—a dream
Of love's delirium, from whose stream
Of heaving light-floods, rose rich glows
Of sunny halos which enclose
A vision of deep passion, bliss !
Young deep Devotion's Virgin Kiss,
Embodied human, shadowed forth
In self-beamed light intense, as rose
Love's goddess from the sea-foam white,
Man's haunting spirit upon earth !
Swift darts the lightning—love is light,
Its shock electric—which, who feels,

Feels like an arrow sped—its flight,
Whose barb is steep'd in fluid flame,
Which thrills the heart-veins through; no tame,
No creeping course hath love, such love
As those of heart-nerve fine can move!
He turn'd, he started—for there stood,
Bright fixed on him, intense her gaze,
In breathless life, absorbed amaze,
Near him, beside, a being, mood,
Of light, of life, of loveliness!
Who to his soul's entranced, dim guess,
From some pure, fathomless sea-cave,
From palace submarine gems pave,
And pearl and diamond, coral, conch,
Inlay and stud in splendour, wealth,
E'er unimagined, unexplored!
Its Queen-nymph seemed, who thus did launch
In emerald bark to earth by stealth,
And now amazed first viewed earth's lord!
Or Phantom of the night, who'd roved

•

Far from her Moon's mild sway, and Morn
Surprised left lone, and ray-inwoven,
And spell-bound ;—or the Spirit lorn,
Of the wild Nature round, in trance,
Incarnate Poetry and Truth ;
A Dream of life's bright wild Romance ;
Virgin shape of the hopes of Youth,
Unsullied by the foreign world,
Falsehood's pure stranger!—truly all !
Nature's pure child !—as thus she stood,
And raised her hands like lilies twined,
And while at those bare white feet small,
Which looked bright foam left by the flood,
In raptured trance, in whelmed soul, mind,
The youth sank will-less, and her locks
Flowed dark, like night's stream, on the wind—
Gave such wild scream of joy, as shocks
The keen-thrilled heart—and her small palms
Spread o'er her wild eyes' radiance soft,
Which light from dark stream'd, and with qualms

Of dizzy dazzling, the brain swell,
 As will the sun 'mid noon aloft ;
 They seem'd like stars—of heaven that tell,
 Of brighter, purer, happier worlds !
 Half spirit and half substance, blent
 In a rich semifluid—thrill'd,
 By tones from nerve-chords trembling fine,
 The melody of feeling—spent
 In rich-tuned sighs, which, waking, fill'd,
 Filled with such dream his thought's deep mine,
 As if sweet music fumed the gale,
 Borne from her nerved form's living lyre,
 As with start timid, tremor frail,
 To shrink that tender frame e'en seemed,—
 So sensitive in feeling's fire,
 So exquisite each nerve's fine beat—
 From the gale's kiss, which softly streamed
 O'er each lip's impassioned quivering,
 (Like half-oped rose, breathing scent sweet)
 And seemed her breast's deep flush to fling,
 Breathing morn's hue borne on its wing ;

That blood was lightning, lucid, pure,
 That eye the heaven wherein it slept,
 Deep, dark—and darting as light leapt,
 'Neath the raised fringe-clouds which obscure,
 At quick emotion, whose hues cast
 Her features o'er of joy or woe
 The shades, in pale light or rich glow,
 With burst transition, sudden, fast;
 As sun and cloud alternate sweep
 In light and shade o'er mead and steep.

But that youth's nameless rapture, joy !
 To view a being deemed ideal,
 His day-dream, reverie—found real!
 Woman without taint, art's alloy,
 Pure nature in her loveliest form !
 Oh ! was he free from bright dream's charm ?
 Did his sleep's vision still enchant,
 In unreal *seeming* his sight haunt ?

“ Vision of day-dream !—blest, adored !

Whence ——” but whelm’d thoughts few words
afford :—

“ Child of some poet, Poetry !
Her wildest, brightest, tenderest shape !
Beautiful being ! ”—but quick fly
Her trembling hands, and rays escape
Electric from each liquid eye,
Stretched are her arms, like long white light :—
“ Oh ! love you me ? ” in tones that trill
In beautiful simplicity,
In musical joy, and passion deep,
She cried, with scream of rapt delight,
“ For I love— ! ” in wild speechless thrill,
The youth her form clasps in one half-met leap !

All one swift moment ! but the strain,
The depth, the overwhelming power, weight,
Over each nerve’s acute, quick sense,
Responsive to keen pleasure, pain,
Of passion’s young, warm, fitful reign,—

The wild delirium elate
Of raptured joy, heart-leap intense,
Convulse and shake her frame—till sinks
That lovely head down on his breast,
As some fair flower at eve's soft close,
The sun's burning kiss all day had prest,
And slack'ning fail her form's nerv'd links,
Faint down those lids in swooning rest,
Clouding the light which 'neath them flows :
In wild extreme of tide and tone,
In fever and its swoon begot
By its own force, her frame is thrown,
Feeling's calm mean her pulse knows not ;
Like the mountain stream's swift guideless rush,
Whose course each bound crags break and crush,
And its chrystal rainbow's element
Foams on in pure and bright ferment,
Till at the base of its life's steep,
In bed worn by its own wild leap,

A lucent lake without a rill,
Tideless it lies—utterly still.

To a cave that yawn'd the cliff beneath,
The youth swift bore that form, whose breath
Seemed to have lulled it and then died
With that its odour's faintness sweet
In balmy peace had hushed ;—o'er-tried,
O'ercome by keen emotion, fleet
Like chased Gazelle, exhausted, sunk
By its own efforts' stress, she lay
In the youth's arms, who moved in trance,
Whose soul that touch electric drunk,
Shot giddy o'er each thrilling trait ;
But wilder than Gazelle her glance,
In tender softness, burning dark,
Melting in its own flame !—more fine,
More delicate in elegance,
Than e'en that fawn's light grace, and mark
Of slender life in limb and line—

Gazella!—who e'en seemed to hark
 With fear if sighed the wind, and start
 In each fine limb, which seemed to breathe
 Fleetness, swift flight! and threat to dart
 In mockery wild, away! and sheathe
 Her vanished form's brief presence, rest,
 In that mountain rock's lone native breast!
 Like the wild Echo's form, whose voice,
 Oh, weirdly sweet! those hills would fill,
 When music wild eve's soft gale buoys
 O'er that calm tide, when all is still!

And wonder Harold held, then pain,
 The cliff's womb was arrayed man's home!
 And vanish'd half his dream's romance,
 On this fair form's birth seem'd a stain;
 'Pirate, not poet's child?'—then roam
 His thoughts, and with a chilling glance
 Flashed strong the tale of Black Gang Chine
 O'er memory,—but with sudden light,

O'er the maid came life's each fled sign,
 Who view'd his wonder with quick sight,
 And cried, "My home!—on yon wide brine
 Wanders my father—for he loves
 To wander there;—he says he roves
 Or seems to rove, far, farther still,
 Away and on from earth and man!
 From scenes that wake of woe and ill
 The memory,—that a soothing thrill
 Of music ocean breathes, and can
 Lull his racked heart—and I have pined
 For his return, that I might sing
 The lay he loves—like gale combined
 Of sweet scent, moisture soft—which falls
 Like dew on his parch'd heart,—he calls
 The tale his own, his own brain's wreath,
 Wove in sweet garb his woes to sheathe,
 Like Memory's misty cloak—but *now*—
 Oh! I mourn not his slow return!"
 Oh! artless voice of love!—her brow

Hides where as wild his heart-throbs burn,
And, like melting light, her tears swift flow.

But night veils earth, whose sleep the storm
Racks like a troublous dream,—and warm
Thrill'd like one life, their spirits blest,
In Love's own heaven have their rest !
And as while horrors' past cruel smart
Yet awes the sense, yet chills the heart,
Peace is most peace, and joy most joy,
Felt fullest, best, with least alloy,
So the storm's wild howl rushing by
Without, like mad fiend's revelry,
By contrast, e'en their bliss the din
Could sublimate, perfect, within !

Quaff deep, ye blest !—bliss is a flood
Of golden light in youth's gold cup,
Heaven's lightning stream, there caught !—a wine
That fires the soul of youth's rich blood,

But feeble Age ne'er swallows up,
 Attractive power gone!—entwine
 Your hearts in youth's blest harmony,
 While yet ye may!—oh! brief as bright!
 Float on life's warm spring-tide of love,
 Affection hallows! and her sigh
 Wafts on your spirits' bark;—the night,
 The frost of age, the storm of woe,
 Too soon may blast and blight,—ye rove
 On soaring wings, thro' dreams that glow
 In passion's fitful sun,—once sink,
 Dissolve your spirits' dream-mazed link,
 Ye rise on earth no more!—Oh, Hope!
 Thou art to Youth as Memory to age,
 The tale of each, of life the spell
 That binds, attracts, endears,—can'st cope
 With anguish, present, past,—the page
 That life's sad tale redeems—the well,
 The pilgrim guiding the desert thro';
 And Memory but gives to view,

When past life's sad reality,
 Hope's syren tale how vain, untrue !
 But till life wanes hope still will be
 Its quenchless light ; as yon thrill'd star
 So heavenly, blissful-beaming, bright,
 Might be, like this, a world woes mar,
 And penury, vices, tryants, blight,
 If present made!—And as with morn
 Forth rose the youth, and whelm'd thoughts clear'd,
 Duty's strong voice, and her's forlorn,
 Who'clung to him, as if she feared
 Life with him fled, perplexed his soul,
 Till hope's guiles thus their hearts controul.—
 “ Oh ! soon we part, but heav'n we've known !
 Grieve not, for could you deem would last
 The unearthly spell of heaven's crown ?
 Oh ! if it could this were not earth !
 Our souls this bitter world have passed,
 And in a better had free birth,
 Till 'mid the new sublimity

Of visions melting to pure bliss,
 Like some rapt poet's—heaven's veil rent,
 A stain of earthliness, a dye
 Of darkness quenched the bright abyss.
 Our souls' elysian element!
 Amid whose halos, mists of light,
 We soared—and earth's material weight,
 The link that binds, check'd, drew down, chained,
 Its bond, dark bondage, proved, maintained,
 And warned—what bliss had bade forget,
 Our souls in earth's frail sense still set
 Are mortal—not immortal yet!
 The wound this quick stern parting tears
 In our linked hearts a balm has healed,
 For thy defence my arm uprears—
 I follow Worsley to the field,
 For thee, my honor, native isle!
 Return—for thy enduring smile!
 To feel these arms thus round thee thrown,
 The bliss involved in—'mine, my own!'

Or, if I fall, an offering be,
 Freedom, thou soul of life! to thee!"

One deep, long, wild embrace!—they part!
 She heaved no sigh—no scream, no start
 Convulsed her frame, no word, no tear,
 Calm, steadfast, deep resolve her clear
 And chrystal cheek stamp, and she stood
 Like some young lovely Martyr, faith,
 Firm resignation, fortitude,
 Near Heaven's thought, awe—not fear of death,
 Solemnly wan her cheek imbued;
 But as he, self-braved, strove to fly,
 Gazella, ere he forth might rove,
 Parted a wild tress which did trail
 In soft voluptuous luxury,
 O'er the milk-billow of her breast,
 Like a rich fringe-flake of Night's veil
 On the white cloud of a dream of love,
 And prest to his within his vest,

Oh! the thrill her delicate warm touch blest!
Fix'd on his fading form her view,
Self-trustless as the youth on flew,
More distant, dim—like some sweet Joy
Fast fading off from Memory,
Which seems, when past, must be the last,
Down Time's vale dim in life's alloy:
Then fawn-like to the cliff's brow high
Upsprang the Maid, and gained once more
One last, far look!—then wildly soar
Her eye and cheek in fever'd flame,
Like lightning's flash, which o'er them came,
As the beacon's fire of woe and war
Tints Heaven's night like a baleful star!
For the wild laugh of agony—
Hope's triumph struggling to defy
The cankering tooth of drear Despair—
In spirit-rending strife wounds there,
Convulsed her breast, and fills her cry;
As her form breathes the high cliff's clime,
Like the Beautiful on the Sublime!

I.

“ What! while Freedom and life give power of
choice,

Ha, ha! and my soul his clasp'd form may rejoice,
Can life be elsewhere?

Who life's desert bears and for rapt joy, distress,
While one spot on earth still is blest and can bless,
Shall *I* not fly *there*?

II.

“ Wild curlew that floatest o'er head like air's skiff!
Dark raven that circlest like Night, Day's white
cliff?

Ha! seek ye not *home*?

White gull of the ocean, calm wraith of its
wrath!

Who, borne o'er it ever, seem'st born of its froth,
Cease not you to *roam*?

III.

“ Wild children of Nature !—dear sisters of me !

Oh, fly ye not, cry ye not, roam not o’er sea,

Your life’s end to prove ?

Is that call not of joy—that flight wing’d not
swift,

To meet and greet dear forms, each, life’s dearest
gift ?

Some mate, pledge of love ?

IV.

“ Shall ye, soulless beings ! teach, nay reproach, one

Whose soul is love’s sigh ?

Pale vapour like yon moon till lit by yon sun,

Its shadow as I am *his* !—hear, earth, sea, sky !

Shall *all*, Nature’s sympathies prove, meet *the one* !

Ha ! shall not then *I* ?

CANTO V.

SILENCE—cold voice, and omen dark of Death,
Felt ere it reigns in the storm's whirlwind breath,
As one extreme will to its other lead,
Fit warning of Death's havoc to succeed!—
Hangs with yon cloud's black mass in sullen
 sway

O'er ocean's dark breast heaving in Chale Bay!
A bark speeds on to shore whose prow
Ploughs a foam-track fast left behind—
With restless pace, with down-cast brow,
One treads her deck with arms entwined,
His thin locks bleached—a wildered stare,

A haggard, furrowed cheek, long woe
 Seem'd had infixed, and hot despair
 His being withered in scorched glow;
 Or one who bore a curse thro' all,
 And that curse—Life!—but notice small—
 As one whose mien long years had made
 Familiar—those rude mortals paid
 Who guide the bark, 'mong whom he stood
 One and alone in garb, mould, mood;
 “Yes! thus once more,”—the worn one said,
 I haste to clasp thee, oh, my child!
 Bright rainbow of life's storm!—*sole* spell
 Who hast life's weight, e'en woe, beguiled—
 To *be*, e'en made a wish—not Hell!
 Thou but for whom I lived long years
 A man unsouled!—nor hope, nor hate
 Moved, passion, thought, friend, foe, or fears;
 In cold blank Death's smile calm did wait,
 A wrecked volcano, ravaged, spent!
 Whom each opposing element—

Impulses, life's mixed chemicals,
 Which rouse impassive, and ferment
 To passion, and Life's stream in thralls
 Of whirlpool-clashing tides involve—
 Lay dead in, quench'd ! and like dead log,
 The stress of passion's storm did solve,
 Like rafter rent of Life's wrecked bark,
 This form the flood of Time did clog
 And drift down, scarce afloat, dense, dark,
 To death's stor'd gulf—Eternity ;
 Oh, dark the retrospect !—yet calm,
 E'er thro' sweet tears, I cast Thought's eye
 On woes long past, with scarce one qualm !
 Thou dear cause of deep bliss and woe !
 Thou long mourned lost one !—may thy soul
 In bliss eternal and regained,
 In yon heaven's liquid light, float, glow !
 Oh, witness God !—while months did roll
 Of blasted being on yon shore,
 Where life's first sacred duty, last,

A Parent's bones in earth to cast—
 I flew to pay—where ocean's war
 Hurl'd all its storm-lashed fury tore
 From our bark storm-rent, scattered o'er
 The wild waste, severing return—
 How deeply—long—how *horribly* !
 On my Isle-prison's shore did yearn
 This soul for thee in agony!
 In storm to which that sure was rest,
 Which doomed me there !—the fear, the pest,
 The horrible *imaginings*,
 More fierce than aught real woe e'er brings,
 That grief, pain, woe, did thee assail,
 And I—oh, God !—could not defend !
 I felt as he who thro' barr'd jail
 Beholds his loved one's form fiends rend,
 Aye, e'en before his eyes !—and when
 Ye poor men's toil, and e'en mine then—
 The first, last !—bore me back again,
 Witness God, men !—e'en ere 'twas told,

Climax of woe!—Clare lived in Heaven!
Had died!—panged horror backward roll'd
 These bursting eyes, my heart felt riven!—
 When life returned, to madness driv'n
 Raved Rilcar! till a cherub smiled,
 E'en Clare's!—Gazella!—e'en *my* child!
 In some sane moment thro' these eyes,
 And chased the fit's return, mad rise;
 Thee I now haste to clasp! whom, fame
 Told ye, kind hearts who soothed me, watch'd,
 Clare's guardian's held—whom thence ye snatch'd,
 And bore—oh, whose so strong a claim!
 To him whose arms shall clasp her now!
 Clare's soul's light, mine, blent in one glow
 Of beauteous being!—blest pledge shewn
 Souls that have been, still shall be one!"

Now tempest bursts!—they gain the beach,
 Their cavern, Black Gang Chine's, they reach;
 Why forth flies not Gazella! swift

As heretofore with wild glad bound,
That he once more her form may lift
To his proud heart, with arms clasp'd round?
Her name the cliffs throw back again
Like mockery, as wild in pain,
Suspense, blind horror, fear confused,
Cry, Rilcar, all!—but she comes not
Whose snowy feet the wave had used
Ere now, foam-fringed, to kiss with soft
Upflow of love, on the sand's spot
Where Rilcar had ashore leapt oft!
Night scowls with storm—rent lightning floods
Lash ocean, which roars, writhes, dismay'd,
Scared rains keen rush, like blasts thro' woods,
At the clashed winds' long cannonade!
And smothered is the watch-tower's light,
By the black scowl and fog of night,
Which stands beyond the cliffs hid line,
On thy bleak hill, St. Catharine! (1)
Nor aid can yield the seaman's sight:
While vast world-shaking peals are driven,

While thunder's groan—th' earthquake of Heav'n,
 Seems Earth to some curst spell to doom
 Which stuns it awed with breathless gloom !
 While from each fissur'd crag the gales
 Seem issuing fiends to bear with wails
 Which mock the death-cry of the wreck'd, and
 form
 The shrill fife of the Spirit of storm !

This shock must rack ! naught less than this
 Again could e'er his full steeped soul
 In anguish, sink in woe's abyss ;
 For Rilcar deem'd woe, life's fate, breath ;
 No more wild, frenzied shows control
 His time-worn frame, and threaten death ;
 But throes of solemn agony
 Rage inly, and 'neath silent stress,
 His tottering knees, and bow'd head, press
 The beach, with one long moan-clad sigh !
 To Heaven's depth then was raised his sight,
 Each flash plays round his thin locks white,

Tho' thunder peals, tho' lightnings fall,
 He sees not, hears not, feels not, all !
 While his brow's stern sublimity
 Told wisdom, and woe's strife stamp'd wan,
 The soaring of the god in man !
 Clasp'd were his hands, while with red light,
 Like glow-worms glared his eyes through night !
 Thus, slow as life's last knell-like tones,
 With voice whose very words were moans,
 Of the infinite the throes finite ;—
 "Then all is o'er!—hell's store is spent !
 Earth's last, blest, only tie is rent !
 The truth is proved !—and all life's hints
 Thro' life's each woe—life's hues, whose mass
 Presents one tissue of hell's tints—
 Yes, all is truth—I am—nay—*was* !—
 Him doom'd by Heaven or Fate to live
 The proof, the wretched instrument,
 How far, deep, long, may torture rive
 Man, yet his clinging life survive,
 Through all ; and mock'd with gleams, fits sent,

Of swift-snatched bliss, that more intense
Might woes wring life's more tender sense,
Which syren Joy of its steel-sheathe guiled
While dreaming in her arms, then fled
And naked left to Woe's dart dread,
E'en thro' his soul while still she smiled!

God of the battle
Where Murder's self dies,
God of the rattle
Where thunder's groan flies!
God of the lightning
That daggers yon skies,
God of the bright'ning
Infinity's eyes!

God of the flashing
Of light o'er the deep,
God of the dashing
Of Night's shrouding sweep,
God of the gleaming

Heaven's fire of bliss,
God of the flaming
Hell's fired abyss !

God of the weeping
Of Zephyr's warm balm,
God of blasts sweeping
From thy yawning palm !
God of the shedding
Gales fumed with life's breath,
God of the spreading
The whirlwinds of death !

God of Worlds' crashing,
Of Hell's damning power,
God of writh'd gnashing
In Eternity's hour !
God of life's agonies,
E'en from the womb,
God where the pest flies,
O'ergorging the tomb !

God of worlds countless !
 God of weal—and woe's thrall!
 God of power surmountless !
 Great, First Cause of all!

May now all life's fell woes have past,
 Heaven be the next change, blest and last !
 Or am I some cursed Fiend indeed,
 To torture doomed, of crime the meed ?
 And is this Hell ? and have I *dreamed*
 Falsely 'twas earth ?—am I a man,
 Or that I was but falsely *seemed* !
 And those few moments of bliss giv'n
 But gleams the damned catch of Heav'n ?
 Or why has cursed been life's whole span ?
 My very joys, love and love's sighs,
 But ministering to agonies ! ”

And where is Clare ?—*is* she in Heaven ?
 Oh, that she were !—and the cruel truth
 Of wreck'd mind, brain, *e'en now*, from youth,

Were not! since her pure soul was riv'n
 With her lost babe, and in the cot
 Of lowliness obscure, the glare
 Of frenzy long has red shot, where
 Beamed love, and loveliness, and Thought!
 And woe-bleached is that golden hair,
 And withered that breast with the flame
 Of frenzy, age, which once heaved, thrill'd,
 Snowy in its pure love, o'erfilled
 With joy, youth's glow, naught else could tame!
 Oh, agony to tell! that breast
 Has felt those hands' mad grasp convulsed,
 Which lily-like *he* once soft prest,
 Gently yielding in his swift-pulsed!
 Those lips no more pout rich with bliss,
 Nor tender music mild dismiss,
 But writhe with shrieks and ravings wild
 In merriment's sad mockery,
 And fits of ghastly laughter shrill,
 'Mid calls of "Rilcar!" and "My child!"

Fierce struggling from the arms to fly
 Of her poor friend, aged, faithful still!
 Till, with her brain's ferment, sinks down
 Her furrowed brow upon that breast;
 Which pillow'd it to the dead rest
 Of stagnant senselessness and swoon!

Thus thro' long, lone, drear years had past
 Earth's mortal dust-cloud, hurl'd aghast
 On whirlwinds thro' life's wilderness,
 Of being's desert the simoom,
 Or coldly mutt'ring in dark gloom,
 Then starting up in mad distress,
 With horror's ghastly gaze, and press
 Of those hands clasped in agony
 'Mid struggling gasp and piercing cry,—
 Of prayer utterless the all!
 What heart this sight would not appall!
 Bid bleed, the eye weep, and breast groan,
 Who thought of all young, lovely, gone

For aye!—the past and present scene,
What now *is*, where what once *had been*!

But on this night of Nature's Hell,
In awful sympathy, her child,
On frenzy's fiery tide's hot swell
Resistless borne—forth on the wild,
The sea-lashed beach, rush'd with a scream
With shock blood-curdling as the gleam
Of the red-lightning's scathing stream,
Which flashed round her raised head, and eyes
Whose fearless red gaze with it vies,
Turn'd on it in fierce joy or scorn,
As Clare far on through night is borne,
Fast hurrying her writh'd being's strife,
The woe of years, to quench in rest,
By one last fatal pang o'erprest—
One tragic episode to Life!

On, on! away, away! while still

Spreads on the shore and frenzy's thrill
Gives strength supernal and unspent,
As some wild night-fowl darts, with cry
Noting its course, Clare seem'd to fly
Bidding to wrath each element,
The wraith, born Spirit of the storm !
Till the wreathed flame-tide of her brain
Ebb'd to exhaustion !—and again
Reason's deep gloom succeeds—alarm
In conscious horror of the scene,
Affright's quick impulse, o'ercomes all,
As still more red does each flame fall,
Each thunder-burst more loud appall !
Oh ! from the rending storm a screen !
Each flash her eyes blasts, and each peal
Heart-stunning terror bears ! and full,
Nature's Charybdis, and her real
Exposure 'mid its vortex, scare
Her sight and soul, dread, horrible !
' Alone ! night, sea, storm, round her, *there !*

How came she there defenceless ?—*where* ?
 A dim near light gleams,—void of breath
 Clare flies to it, though dwells the thought,
 ‘ I can but die, and welcome wert thou, death !
 But, oh ! *this* form like hell too fraught ! ’

But what is this, poor injured one !
 Like mountain cataracts tho’ rise
 And roar the deep—then back be thrown
 Down its own storm-piled precipice !—
 And each storm-horror round thee, lone,
 This *outward* tempest of an hour,
 Thy *mortal* frame in its brief pow’r,
 The sheeted lightning howe’er dire,
 To frenzy round thee *half life* lapp’d,
 A quenchless atmosphere of fire,
 The desert’s fane in the lone ruin wrapt !
 What to the *living* lightning dart
 Of agony that on thy heart
 Brain, spirit, being, thro’ long years

Bare to its wrath have spent, and prey'd
 Like vampires on Love—tho' uprears
 The deep in storm, again 'tis laid
 Calm, bright, in breathing sunny life,
 As if no storm e'er roused to strife ;
 For *thee*!—death only e'er has rest,
 Then come rest briefly shall, dear wreck
 Of Beauty, Youth, Love, Angel-guest
 Where earthlier natures earth should deck !

The light guides to a cavern's womb—
 A light within a living tomb !—
 A palsyng shock binds to its brink
 Clare's form, which scarce can stand or sink !
 Lost e'en to guess his child's fate, round
 Rilcar in aimless grief all brood—
 Trembling with mutual gazes, mute,
 Each hand upraised, blood-frozen, bound,
 They draw his view where tott'ring stood
 A white form at the cavern's foot,

With face death-pale, devoid word, sigh,
 But with wild ruin in her eye,
 Like flames shot from an ashy pile,
 Telling the tale within the while!
 For frenzy's tide of flame and pain,
 The breath of passion in her brain
 Rekindles, burning thro' her eyes,
 And quenching Reason's heatless light,
 As death-pyres the calm stars disguise :
 Clare saw—felt—conscious was of—what?—
 A dream-like maze of things long not!
 Vague, shadowy semblance of the past,
 Yet *all* not foreign, novel, new!—
 Though strange forms stood around, aghast,
 Yet claims relationship that view
 Which like a basilisk's is roll'd
 On her's, fixed, tranced,—her blood chill'd thro'!
 Like beings of a tale long told,
 The ruin, wreck of what they were,
 That pair long severed stands!—but mind

Asserts still its immortal reign,
 Still traced in each fine feature, air,
 Thro' all the mortal wreck defined,
 Evincing of unearthly mould,
 As beams Heaven's light through some rent fane
 Which e'en in ruin grey declares
 By stamp distinct, by tongue untold,
 Its character, its grandeur past,
 The tale of that it was it bears,
 Sacred to piety, praise, prayers,
 A heritage Time ne'er could blast !

Yes ! they are met ! first met for years,
 And last for earth !—the rude men fears
 Of spectre, spirit, scare—all pale
 With ghastly gaze stand ; but how far
 Estranged is Rilcar's terror, war
 Of battling thought !—' Then is the tale
 Of the departed soul's return—
 Is't truth that troubled spirits mourn

In their form mortal wandering here
 Round those to whom in life once dear ?
 But those grey locks !—oh ! thus was changed
My Clare ere from earth's life estranged ?
 And now comes that long blest form mild,
 To ask—tell, where lost—gone, her child ?
 Or with Reproach's eye's dumb tone ? '

There, and a chaos, utterless
 Of dear scenes, joys, hopes, fears, long gone,
 With Clare rise, and overwhelming press
 In Thought's one lightning flash !—'tis past !
 As 'neath a breathless dream's dense stress,
 He strove his cleaving lips pale, 'ghast,
 To part, his tottering knees to move ;
 One moan he breathes !—when with a scream,—
 Electric piercing as each gleam
 White thro' the ringing cavern spread,—
 Which not of earth all thought must prove

The form that gave it—lo ! 'tis fled !
 Her spell he broke, when first he spoke.

And they who heard, ere e'en that cry
 Was spent in air, whelm'd, buried, lie
 That mouldering cavern's ruins beneath,
 One crash !—o'er all reigns pangless death !
 Unfelt, unknown, unconscious given,
 They lived on Earth—they live in Heaven !

Time's sapping long decay which rives
 The crumbling cliffs by fragments vast,
 And down the crag-strewn beach all drives,
 A mass from high down thundering cast,
 Like avalanche of solid foam !
 On the roof in-borne—Rilcar's home !
 Tho' wept no eye—the chrystal rill,
 In constant pure tide o'er the hill,
 Time's moaning tear sheds for them still !

Clare turned, saw all,—Hell's mad flames shoot
 Her bursting brain thro' at the shock,
 She wild leaps on from rock to rock
 With speed such that ne'er slipped her foot
 On the sea-slime that veils the chain
 Stretching afar out in the main,
 Many a bark's unmoved wreck-rack
 'Mid its hurled frame's beam-crush and crack,
 As now, Clare, thine!—who still on flew,
 As if each touch gave forced rebound,
 Till gained the last of the craggy crew!
 But that rock ruled not her last leap!
 With shriek, Life's knell!—Death's doubtless
 sound,
 When gained that last Clare still leaped on!
 That cry wailed far o'er the toss'd deep,
 From cliff to cliff is echoing gone,
 caring the raven's storm-lulled sleep!
 To Heaven on that cry soared Clare's soul!
 Life's fever in her boiling frame—

As lone rock-beacon by its own flame
 Sinks in—the cold waves quench and tame;
 At midnight's hour of storm's control,
 Peace Clare found where all wars and raves,
 Tomb of the pure!—as o'er her roll
 Pure ocean's and oblivion's waves!

Like Childhood's smile on age's face,
 Moonlight thy castle stern does grace,
 Oh Carisbrook! and the plains 'neath
 Thy massive walls, where joined in death,
 Peacefully side by side recline
 They who in red strife late did join,
 Invading Gaul, and Patriot Wight;
 And on that peace of death a light
 Would shine like Heaven's peace of life,
 But o'er them falls the castle's shade,
 A pall as mourning for that strife
 Which its late inmates in death laid,
 Or in shame veiling from the eye

Of Peace, whose lunar form on high
 From its native Heaven weeps beams, pale
 With sad Reproach, o'er War's dark tale,
 Shewing Peace's source, home, path, afar,
 Is Heaven, but Hell is that of War !

What forms, outsallying on the Gaul,
 Ne'er more returned within the wall
 Of the Isle's Castle-fortress dread !
 And but spare remnant of the foe,
 Thinn'd by repulse and overthrow,
 Their Gallic decks e'er more shall tread ;
 Tho' ceased War's din, sunk in Death's glooms
 Still fetid odours, sulphur-fumes,
 Hang o'er the field of strife, and taint
 The moon's light-floods, and that pale Saint
 Of nature's wilds who, bending o'er
 Her dying hero-love, sustains
 His head with hands dyed in his gore,
 And her bare feet the sod's blood stains,

Like to some red-veined marble form's
Which mourns o'er Youth's white Urn of death ;
There lone, all still, and ceased war's storms,
Its victims round her—some whose breath
Still ebb'd to its last moan of peace,
Or watch-dog's wierd, far, midnight moan,
Or night-hawk's scream, hoarse, heard alone.
'Neath soul-stunn'd pangs, Gazella poured
Life's last fixed gaze, with his to cease,
Sinking with him to death!—on one
Whose joy, woe, death, were her's—adored
As her soul's shrine of hope—the sun
Of her youth's flower—with whose ray
To bloom doomed or to fade away !
While hung her glossy hair's jet stream
To her waist o'er her breast's soft dream,
Like veil or vein of solid Night,
Which moon-beams pierce not but bathe bright,
Save, each wild tress between, a gleam
As radiant is cast from her pale

Face, breast, uplit with peering soul,
Which through its alabaster lamp,
Does in each gleam's fit fainter fail;
As day's orb may night's light control,
Her soul's rays her cheeks' mild lines stamp,
Softened thro' medium delicate;
As dark clouds that moon half obscure,
Thro' her hair's veil half penetrate
The woe-gleams of her spirit pure,
For whose flight seemed oped those white lips,
As if, like rose-buds sulphur-fumes
Have blanch'd—'neath the breath-cloud's eclipse
Of flames of speechless agonies,
The blood, abhorrent shrunk, resumes
Its flame-dried heart-fount 'mid gasped sighs!
And down-fixed are her death-struck eyes,
So tearless, bursting, burning, black,
So changed from their own native ray,
They seemed charred in their own flame-rack,
And motion's power seem'd scorched away!

Those eyes like souls with soft bliss bright,
 Thrill'd like yon stars with heavenly light
 Beaming from darkness Spirit-fraught,
 Deep in their own wild passion, Thought!
 Watching the gradual sink of life—
 As in its frame-convulsing strife
 With pressing death, like fitful starts
 Of the expiring flame—war's prey
 Lay Harold!—her tranced gaze imparts
 A change responsive in her own
 Waning pulse, sense, and vital tone,
 Dying with him in sympathy,
 His shade e'erchanging—soul's reply;
 Imbibing death thro' her fixed eye;
 Her agony, for tears too deep,
 To view, panged tears who would not weep!

For no damp, leaden touch of Time,
 Or custom, culture, falsehood, clime,
 Oh, Spirit volatile of life!

The keen sense of thy nerves' roused strife,
 Oh, living lyre ! in bonds did drill,
 Dead'ning thy chords' responsive thrill,
 Ne'er guiding reason didst thou own,
 Passion's soul, impulse, reigns alone !
 Delirium agonized, and gush
 Of blood thro' his faint brain and eyes,
 Blind sight and reason, and a rush
 Confused, chaotic, of thoughts, ties,
 Harold's last hour o'erwhelm—a sense
 Of some one near has influence,
 He hears not, sees not, knows not, whom;
 Oh ! had he known whose breast his form
 Holds, watches o'er—beholds his doom !—
 That in death's hour his guardian saint
 Defies his soul's most dread alarm—
 Her stern bereavement, fate, wild plaint ;—
 Oh ! had he known, Gazella, *his* !
 Now gives his bleeding brow that kiss,
 While all are far away—that one,

That last, sole friend there, *is*—" *my own !*"
 While scores are left to die alone !
 Oh ! his in life, still his in death !—
 'Twould have bathed his soul in balmy breath,
 That breath with which to Heaven it soared ! '
 In reason's one last glimpse he pour'd
 With life's last effort on death's marge,
 A Hero's last, deep, dying charge !

" Go, tell to my Father I conquered and died
 Where Britain's proud banner high flew,
 While her thunder 'mid clouds rent Heaven's vault
 wide,
 And her lightning each phalanx shot thro' !

" Where darkest the scowl of dark horror of war
 In the last sweeping charge, my arm fell ;
 And my steed, who had raged for the battle afar,
 May the victims to Glory's name swell !

“ Go tell to my Mother, whose blessing I bore,
That her last fond embrace has been clasp’d ;
’Mid the bright beams of honor her darling did soar,
For he gallantly fought to the last!

“ And, oh! to the maid of my worship go tell,
That each manly nerve is unstrung,
As to her and all life’s scenes I utter Farewell!
And the sigh from my bosom is wrung!

“ Oh! tell her that e’er ’mid the musquetry rattle,
And e’er ’mid the war-cry—‘ Hark! onward to
battle!’

While deep roared the cannon, and clash of swords
sounded,

While fierce to the onset the war-charger bounded,
While fast fled my life in dark streams from my side,
And faint grew my voice as fast flow’d the red tide,
Oh! ne’er, while her gift in my life-blood was clotten,
Were her last wild embrace and dear image forgotten;
That here by those vows which had bound us for ever,

And here by the love that Death only could sever,
 For the *calm* of that joy which living we breathed,
 And which to her bosom I dying bequeathed,
 I conjured her to think on the troth we had plighted,
 As a flash from the heavens—for e'er disunited !
 May the wild child of nature still soar free control,
 With her eyes' flame of the fire that glows in her
 soul !

Let me pass from her thoughts as a tale that is told,
 As that time which is gone—passed for ever has roll'd !
 As her tones' last sweep by me shall float again
 never,

As sinks on my ear the trump's clangor for ever !
 I leave her no token, remembrance to cherish,
 With my heart that is broken let her heart-stained
 tress perish ;

I spotlessly lived, and I valiantly die !
 A last hope round my heart is thus thrown,
 That to seats of blest Angels I hither may fly,
 To surely again meet my own ! ”

Ceased the sad sounds, and with them ceased his life !

And thou, oh, wildly beautiful !
 Victim of Death and Being's strife,
 Maternal Nature's darling, wild !
 Shall thy bright soul earth clog and dull ?
 Empyrean Fancy's seraph child !
 Life's orphan ! alien of earth !
 Offspring of Poetry and Love !
 Shall Harold's soul soar lonely forth ?
 Lose bliss, find sorrow e'en Above !
 Death, Heaven, Gazella, Love, forbid !
 Her fading face, one moment hid,
 With hands stained in his dear life-blood,
 As weeping willow when the flood
 Has dried still o'er its channel hangs,
 Then as the violet o'er the grave
 Droops, while pure lunar lights all lave,
 To rise in morn of Heaven's sun,
 Speechless, death-struck, from sight's first pangs,

Fading from earth like white mist's wave,
Denied tear, sigh, groan, accent one!
Embrace in death their forms is given—
Their souls unite in Morn of Heaven!
Is there a certain rank, state, guise,
Of human character and mind,
A quality of being, mould,
Above whose level they who rise,
Earth, life, one dream of anguish find?
And fleet ere e'en brief Youth has rolled,
As flowers fade, canker and decay,
E'en in the bud—devoid air, ray?
Earth's life who love must all earth blend;
By Nature's veiled all-ruling law,
Like vessels on earth's tide—such tend
By kindred mould, each, each to draw,
To meet on life's stream while storm sway,
In hurled clash mutual wreck to bear;
Their's is a Promethean clay,
Vital from birth with Heaven's fine flash,

By innate impulse tending there,
 (As pines the wanderer for native land)
 When burns life's flame most strong, when clash
 The elements of being—ferment
 In the rapt eye's light, vivid fanned
 In Youth's spring-tide of spirit-flood,
 Then have the earthless earth's veil rent,
 When soul-refining fires expand,
 Then have the Godlike soared to God !

Gazella, Harold—Rilcar, Clare !

Ye are as all is that hath been,
 As the past, fledged dream whose shade
 Of Life's reality, Thought, Care,
 Had mirrored in the soul—a scene
 Of tragic agony now played !
 With monarchs and their might, woes, wars,
 With pageantries which gilt their clay,
 With million'd nations of their sway,
 With heroes, and all Beauty's stars

Whose beams refined, and gave soul, birth,
To deeds of valour, prowess, worth,
Tho' life's scenes their same forms retain,
Tho' rear the cliff, and castle still,
Tho' the mould'ring ruin of a hill,
The storm still wreck, and roll the main,—
Ye are within the circle vast
Of the universal tale the past
Which veils—that veil Oblivion's pall,
Shade of a night shall pass o'er all !
A tale eternal in Truth's tone,
Which in one passing breath contains
All that to ye relates, remains,
Of your lives' bitter dream, forms, pains,
Ye *were*, ye suffered—ye *are*—GONE !

FINIS.

NOTES.



NOTES TO CANTO II.

(1)

"While stretching forth into the surge,
Rear pillared crags—the Needle Rocks," &c.

Page 78.

"ANTIQUARIES have laboured to determine whether the Isle of Wight was anciently deserving the name of island, or only peninsula. It may be sufficient for our purpose to mention that its name was Vectis, or Vecta, with the Romans, while some, deriving Wight from the British word *Guith*, (a breach or division) imagine it was originally separated from the main land."—*Albin's History of the Isle of Wight*.

"Of these rocks, called Needles, there are three still remaining; they were so called originally from a tapering pillar about one hundred feet high, which was thrown down by the fury of the waves about thirty-six years ago. It is recommended to the Traveller to walk from the lighthouse to the extremity of the *Needle Point*, whence he will see the rocks to great advantage. Those who delight in the terrific will be gratified by looking down upon the rugged cliff from the eminence on which they stand."—*Ibid.* 1802.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

(1)

"Like storm-burst bombshell, o'er Chale Bay is hurl'd."

Page 84.

The following mention of Chale Bay is made by Sir Richard Worsley, Bart. in his "History of the Isle of Wight," of which he was Governor.

"Chale Bay, which opens from the most southern part of the Island, westward from the shore called Underway, is about three miles in extent, and has, at low water, a fine broad beach, separated from the high country above by a continued range of perpendicular cliffs, extremely dangerous to ships. The way down to the strand at Black Gang is very awful, the descent being through an immense gully, among vast masses of broken ground, and disjointed rocks, the ruins of the land above. In an arched excavation at the bottom, under the projecting rock, whence water is continually dripping, there issues a spring strongly impregnated with copperas. The surrounding scene from this depth, is truly majestic."—*Page 244*—9.

One instance, among numbers, exemplifying the above line, is thus powerfully detailed in "The True Sun" Newspaper, of November 27th, 1836.

Wreck of the Clarendon.

"The ship *Clarendon*, of 345 tons, was built in the year 1824, and belonged to the West India portion of our commercial navy. Her owners were Messrs. Taylor, Fry, and Channel—her consignees on this voyage, Messrs. Manning and Henderson, of Lothbury, London. Of the amount of her insurance we have hitherto been unable to learn anything, but this is of no consequence in the present case—the loss of the vessel being clearly accounted for. Her captain, Thomas Whitron, an old and experienced mariner in the West India trade, died at Nevis, on the 21st of June. The vessel, under the command of Samuel Walker, formerly chief mate, left Basseterre Roads, St. Kitts, on Saturday, the 27th August, being freighted with molasses, sugar, rum, and turtle, and having on board the following passengers, all of whom perished:—Lieut. Thos. Shore, 14th Regiment, aged 42; Louisa Shore, his wife, aged 43; Caroline Shore, their daughter, aged 18; Mary Ann Shore, their daughter, aged 14; Constance Shore, their daughter,

aged 3; Jesse Shore, their babe, aged nine months, and not yet found; George Higginbotham, corporal in the 14th Regiment, and servant to Lieut. Shore; Walter Pemberton, Esq. planter, St. Kitts; Ann, his daughter, aged 11: Miss Jane Gourlay, aged about 40, a daughter of Captain Gourlay, R.N., late of Southsea (not found); — Shepherd, Esq. planter, whose relatives reside in or about Exeter (not found).

“The *Clarendon* made a fair passage, and all things went on comparatively well. The passengers liked each others’ society—the master had full controul of the vessel. It was whispered—where could such whisper have originated?—that at the time of the disaster there was a mutiny on board. We have questioned the survivors of the wreck, and freely assert our conviction that no such thing ever took place during the voyage. On one occasion some of the crew got drunk, and there was a brief disturbance on board; but that the master did his duty, asserted his authority, and maintained that authority, is evident from the fact that two of the more riotous of the drunkards were put in irons for some hours, one of whom now lives to tell the circumstance. He and his surviving shipmates also declare

that no ill-will resulted from the two being put in irons. This was the only unpleasantness that occurred during their homeward passage of six weeks.

“The weather had been squally during the last two or three weeks, but not at all of a character to give uneasiness to any one on board. On Sunday morning they first made land, Scilly being distinctly descried. The *Clarendon* kept her onward course—her endeavour in getting to port being to sail round the Isle of Wight to the southward. To effect this they had to weather Rockenend Point, and in making for this it was that the dreadful catastrophe occurred.

“The weather for some days had been of a very wild and unsettled character. But on the night of Monday, the 10th of October, it blew a dreadful gale. In those parts of the Isle of Wight coast where danger is most to be feared, there are persons on the look-out, night and day, for vessels in distress. Two or three individuals—shore walkers, we believe we must call them—were on the shore of Black Gang Chine during this awful night. A coast-guard sentry was also on the watch. He it was that through the haze of the breaking morning, first descried the unhappy *Clarendon*. From the first moment of seeing her he knew that she

would be dashed to pieces—that nothing could save the fated vessel from the giant surge then howling on that rocky shore—but he knew also that human effort might perhaps be allowed to mitigate the bitterness of human suffering in the coming hour of trial. His comrades, very few in number, were soon alarmed, and joined by those hardy neighbours whose dwelling is on cliff, and shore, and sea. The vessel came rapidly on, the wind blowing directly upon the land with tremendous violence. As she came in closer, the sight was enough to rend the hardest heart. Wreckers even—down whose iron cheeks the tear of human pity never stole before—stood there in horror, the big drops coursing one after another, at the sight before them. Half an hour before the disaster the passengers knew not of danger even, and were now to be seen clinging to anything on the vessel, covered only by their nightclothes or anything they had thrown over them in rushing from their cabins—some in speechless horror—others uttering dreadful cries—for death, in its most horrid form, stared them in the face. And the vessel was not twice her own length from the beach—from that beach on which they beheld people walking in safety, and to which their hopes and affections had for weeks

been turned! Twice she touched the shingle, though not heavily—each time, however, even above the loud howlings of the storm, the maddening shrieks of the miserable crew were heard by those on land. Her time, however, was come—for in three or four minutes, borne inwards by a mountain wave, she was dashed midships on the shingles, and in swinging round upon her broadside, heeled over. The upper tier of goods (hogsheads of sugar,) rolled to the lowermost side, which was instantly beat out, and the vessel went to pieces, the tremendous surf upon that part of the coast snapping her masts and timbers like reeds. In six or seven minutes from her first touching the shore, there were not two planks of timber of the ill-fated Clarendon to be seen together—so sudden, so awful was the catastrophe!

“To afford assistance from the beach was, as we have before stated, utterly impossible. The only hope indulged in by the spectators was that of saving some that the foaming wave might hurl on shore. To attempt even this was to peril their own lives, so sudden and tremendous was the reflux of the merciless billow. And Death, too, had held his carnival the moment the vessel struck—for then the billows beating in, dashed the crew against the severed timbers, and

soon ended their misery. It is a curious fact, that the three persons saved, either of their own accord jumped overboard to try for land, or were struck by waves which in their fury carried them clear of the wreck. The second mate, Harris, was swept off the deck, the long boat with him, and covering him—he holding on to it as long as he could. He was dashed on the shingle, and clung to it as those only who have ever felt the gripe of a drowning man know he can cling. Harris's state is described by Lord Byron, in his "Don Juan," so truly, that we need offer no apology for quoting the verse. It is a vivid and faithful picture of his actual situation, as described to us by one of the spectators :

"There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the land, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave;
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain!"

But it was not in vain! A gallant fellow of the name of

Wheeler, an inhabitant on the coast, dashed in as the wave receded, and, ere another wave came bellowing on, dragged poor Harris high enough on the coast to hold him free from danger. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! In the features of the reviving man, his deliverer, Wheeler, recognized a shipmate, whose life he had before saved, when they were both aboard Lord Yarborough's yacht, *Falcon*, four years ago! Thus it happened to Wheeler to save twice from death the same individual. The two other men, Thomson and Byrne, who were saved, leaped overboard. They also were dashed on the shingles, and saved, like Harris, by the daring courage of the by-standers—all three of them, however, being greatly bruised. These three are the only survivors to tell, "by winter's fire," the horrors of that wreck.

"In two or three hours after the wreck, numbers of people were seen descending the Chine to gaze on the scene of devastation, or render assistance. Mr Jacobs, of Chale Abbey Farm, arrived a few moments after the *Clarendon* struck. He had been sent for by one of the Coast-guard as soon as the danger of the vessel was seen, and from this time until his arrival—for, as is this good man's custom

he left his bed the moment he was called, and hurried down the cliffs as quickly as possible—not more than half-an-hour had elapsed, and yet all was over! Lord Yarborough and his son, the Hon. Mr Pelham, also quickly reached the spot, and assisted throughout the day in making arrangements for the safe custody of the trunks and other things which were now beginning to be washed on shore. Almost every one lent a hand to some good purpose. The old “wrecking” feeling was awed, we hope for ever. In our conscience, we do not think that one crown’s worth of property was stolen during that day. Relics were taken, but they were valuable only as memorials of the wreck, or as emblems of superstition.

“The appearance of the beach was of the most desolate character. Even at the best of seasons, with the gentlest winds and in the sunniest hours, it is a wild place,—one that you would not like to tarry in alone—one that awakens a sickening sense of helplessness and dismay. But now the native horrors of the Black Gang Chine were doubly appalling. No pen can truly describe the terrific grandeur of that scene. Standing on the shore and looking over the wilderness of waters, boiling with anger, and breaking on

the rocky coast with a sullen and continuous roar—not a sail to be seen, your heart suspiciously asked itself if other gallant ships had also been swallowed up in that dreadful gale ? To the right in the distance were the Needles, in whose hollow caves many a hapless sailor lies fathoms deep—to the left were the broken crags of Rocken-end, rising hundreds of feet, while at their base, ever and anon you could by the now-subdued foam, tell of hidden rocks that “ murdered while they smiled.” Behind was the Black Gang Chine, darkly vindicating its unenviable pre-eminence. And as the storm abated, the naked bodies of human beings, the hapless victims of the wreck, began to be dashed up almost at your feet. But as you rushed towards them to save them from further violence and insult—for indeed all that were picked up, bore ample proofs of the death from violence, and not from drowning—the angry wave again returned with redoubled force, threatening to engulf the living with the dead. Oh ! it was a shocking, a humiliating sight, to look for hours on those floating corpses. One by one the ocean gave them up ; but so tardily, so reluctantly !—as though she would still have gorged herself on the victims she had made. And then so bruised—so mangled—

so disfigured, "the mother had not known her child." As they were rescued, the bodies were taken to the different boat-houses, which here and there stud the cliffs, placed in them, and covered with sails. To see the survivors of the wreck after they had been recovered, and given proper nourishment, going through these boat-houses and lifting the canvass from the faces of the dead to identify them, was a mournful scene. One of them had recognized several of his shipmates, though with some difficulty; and lifting the canvas from the next he said, hesitatingly, as if for a moment in doubt—"Yes, that's one of the girls—she was singing away so last night—that's Mr. Shore's daughter—I don't know which, though—I don't know her name:—I was near the cabin, and heard them as glad as they could be that they were so near home. Oh dear, Sir, this time yesterday none of us thought of this. That's one of Mr. Shore's, I'm sure—it's not Miss Pemberton." Thus were the bodies identified. We shall spare our readers the pain of carrying this part of the scene any further.

"By noon vast quantities of the wreck and some luggage had been regained. Each succeeding hour saw the number of visitors increase, all of whom, to the credit of the

Isle of Wight, did something towards the preservation of what the waves yielded up. The timber washed up was dashed into thousands of pieces. For miles it strewed the coast, and yet so extreme, and at the same time so minute, had been the devastation, that while you could pick up screws and nails, you could not along the whole coast—where for miles you walk past heaps of the wreck—find any continuous portions of the vessel. In the very centre of the bay you could see the main-mast, sail, cordage, &c. driven deep into the sand—the sturdy mast, once doubtless some forest's pride, shivered in twain like an infant's toy. Turtle were lying about, and puncheons, boxes, masts, shrouds, sails, cocoa-nuts, wearing apparel! aye, a night-cap, in which one of these unhappy girls had gone to rest the evening before, was picked up, with part of its frilling torn off. So particular and so precise had been the devastating deep."

(2)

"And raise the dark-jawed chasm Black Gang Chine."

Page 89.

This chasm is thus referred to in "Albin's History of the Isle of Wight:"—

“ The sides of this tremendous chasm are little short of five hundred feet high, but shelving; and a spring, which has its rise on the summit, winds slowly down to the sea.

.....It is said to have received its name from a gang of pirates who formerly made it their place of residence. We rather think it more probable that the word *gang* means an opening for ascending and descending; thus the *gang-way* of a ship; to *gang* in the Saxon, and to this day in the dialect of the north, is the same as *to go*. It has a more savage and barbarous appearance than Shanklin Chine, and not a bush is to be seen on any part of the mouldering precipices, to soften its terrific aspect; 'but it is most awful from the shore below, where also the whole line of coasts to the extremity of Freshwater cliffs is clearly discernible.”

“ On the western declivity of St. Catherine's Hill, otherwise called in the sea-charts, Rocken-end, commences the rude chasm distinguished by the name of Black Gang Chine, which has partly been formed from springs that rise there. Two currents from distant parts of the Hill have made their way to its brow, and from its summit have ex-

cavated two large and separate chasms, but their waters form a junction at the foot of the high prominent point, the sides of which have been torn away by the respective torrents. The chasms at this juncture become one, and consequently much deepened, the waters more rapidly hurrying down the steep channel for about 200 yards, till they arrive at an impenetrable precipice of rock, from which they fall in a perpendicular sheet of 400 feet on the shore. The declivities of the Chine are lined alternately with strata of rock and dark crumbling earth, from the latter of which, and from a gang of smugglers who frequented it in days of yore, it got the name of Black Gang Chine. The black crumbling earth being washed away by the current, the rock above was undermined, and has fallen. The stones lie in large fragments throughout every part of the channel, but a long upright stratum of rock extends itself on each side of the chasm, and gives the appearance of a regular grand embankment to the declivity. The view of this Chine from the shore is very imposing, from the overhanging cliffs and the dark hue and nakedness of the mouldering precipice. The grandeur is much lessened in dry weather, from want of water; but after hard rains in stormy seasons it is impres-

sively awful"—From Sir David Erskine's Memoirs of Lieutenants Miles and Shore, the latter of whom, with his whole family, were drowned here, being wrecked in the Clarendon, West India vessel, before mentioned.

(3)

"Yet the same sun will rouse the mild gale's breath,
To fiend-wing'd storms and hurricanes of Death!"

Page 93.

"The more extensive winds owe their origin to the heat of the sun; this heat, acting upon some part of the air causes it to expand, and become lighter, and consequently it must ascend; while the air adjoining, which is more dense and heavy, will press forward towards the place where it is rarefied.

"Thus tempests seem to arise from a sudden rarefaction of the air, which produces a kind of vacuum, and the cold dense air rushing in to supply its place.

"Hurricanes, which arise from similar causes, have a

whirling motion which nothing can resist. *A calm generally precedes these horrible tempests, and the sea then appears like a piece of glass ; but in an instant the fury of the winds raises the waves to an enormous height.* When from a sudden rarefaction, or any other cause, contrary currents of air meet at the same point, a whirlwind is produced."—See *Keith's Philosophical View of the Earth and Heavens.* Page 106—8, 9.

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

(1)

“ Had gathered at the trumpet's blast,
Of the Isle's Chieftain, Worsley, stept
From their homes, wide-spread, to maintain
Those homes, beneath his banner led,
And drive the foe back to the main.”

Page 132.

THE Isle of Wight has been attacked and plundered at different periods by Saxons, Danes, Flemings under Earl Godwin, in the reign of Harold II: by the French in the reigns of Ed. III, Rd. II., Hen. V., and

“ In the 36th year of the reign of Hen. VIII, Francis I. equipped a fleet of more than 100 sail, with orders to make a descent on the British coast. The English fleet, which lay at anchor at St. Helen's, did not consist of half that number; they therefore retreated into the Channel, hoping to decoy the enemy to follow them; however, Annebout, the French Admiral, was aware of the danger to which such pursuit would have exposed him from the rocks and shallows,

with which he was unacquainted, and, finding he could not induce the English to leave their situation, contented himself with making a descent on the Isle of Wight, where he landed with about 2000 men, and it was proposed in a council of war to fortify and keep possession of the island; but this being by the majority deemed impracticable, they began to burn and plunder the villages. They were, nevertheless, attacked by Richard Worsley, Captain of the Island,* and driven to their ships with the loss of their commander and many of his men."—*Sir R. Worsley's History*, page 34.

"Richard Worsley, Esq, on the death of his father, Sir James Worsley, Bart., in the 29th Henry VIII, succeeded him in the office of Captain, and soon after had the honor of entertaining the King at Appuldurcombe. The King was attended by his favorite, the Lord Cromwell, the Constable of Carisbrook Castle, which office was, on his Lordship's deposal and execution, conferred on Mr. Worsley."

The Worsley family was conspicuous for dutiful attention to the unfortunate monarch, Charles I., when he sought refuge in the Island; which was testified by his Majesty on his departure, by his presenting the watch out of his pocket to Mr Edward Worsley, "as a small token of re-

* The Governor of the Island was then so called.

membrance;" (perhaps the only gift in his power then to bestow!) which is still preserved in the Family, a great curiosity at the present day, and a pleasing testimony of Royal beneficence and reciprocal regard.

" In the 36th year of Hen. VIII, (A.D. 1544) the French, who had prepared a great fleet, for the invasion of the kingdom, upon which, however, they were unable to land, owing to the dangers of the coast, sent 2000 men to this Island, which they were ravaging in the true spirit of devastation; when the Governor of the Island, Sir Richard Worsley, collected a sufficient force to drive them back to their ships with great loss. From this time, more regular means of defence began to be adopted, and forts were built in different parts of the island to oppose the landing of an enemy. One of the principal of these, standing on Norton Common, on the coast immediately opposite Hurst Castle, was called Worsley's Tower, in honor of the brave commander just mentioned."—*Albin's History of the Isle of Wight*.

However, by a poetical anachronism used by the best poets, this event may be ascribed to any period most agreeable to the reader's idea as appropriate to the characters in the Poem.

NOTES TO CANTO V.

(1)

" And smothered is the watch-tower's light,
By the black scowl and fog of night,
Which stands beyond the cliff's hid line
On thy bleak hill, St. Catherine."

Page 156.

"WALTER de Godyton, in the year 1323, built a chapel on Chale Down, dedicated to St. Catharine, assigning certain rents for a chantry priest to sing mass, and also to provide lights for the safety of such vessels as chanced to come on that dangerous coast during the night. At the dissolution of Chantries it was perhaps found impracticable to divide the useful from the superstitious part of the institution, so that the whole fell together, the Chantry involving the lighthouse in its ruin.

"St. Catherine's Tower still remains of most essen-

tial use by day to vessels navigating the channel; but having become extremely ruinous, its fall was to be apprehended, and as its sudden disappearance might have been attended with fatal consequences, it was substantially repaired, and its angles strengthened with buttresses, at the expense of the Lord of the Manor. The foundation of the whole Chapel is also cleared and levelled, by which not only its figure was discovered, but also the floor and stone hearth of the priest's little cell at the S. W. corner, close to the Tower. The situation pointed it out for a sea-mark, it being seven hundred and fifty feet above high water level, half a-mile from the shore, and commanding a most extensive view.

"The Tower of the Chapel is yet standing, and is known by the name of St. Catherine's Tower."—*Sir R. Worsley's History*, 1781.

"The brethren of the Trinity House have lately erected a Lighthouse upon this down, (Chale Down) but upon

experience it proved altogether useless, the cloud-capt hill being invariably obscured in misty vapours when the mariner has most need of its friendly aid."—*Albin's History of the Isle of Wight*. 1802.

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